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MR. ROOSEVELT'S VISIT TO SOUTH AMERICA

On Saturday of last week Mr. Roosevelt sailed for South America. The evening before he sailed a farewell dinner in his honor took place under the management of the Progressive Service of New York State. Many hundreds of those who are friends both to Mr. Roosevelt and to the things he represents in public life joined in this expression of personal good will and of interest in this Service movement, which is trying to put into actual effect and concrete form those principles of social justice and industrial fairness which the Progressive party represents politically. At this dinner the principal speakers besides Mr. Roosevelt were Senator Beveridge, Raymond Robins, and Gifford Pinchot, who acted as toastmaster. Mr. Roosevelt's visit to South America is in response to invitations from Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, to deliver addresses on subjects of international social interest. He will proceed directly to Rio de Janeiro, arriving there about October 20. His four principal addresses will be: at Rio de Janeiro, on "American Internationalism;" at São Paulo, Brazil, on "Character and Civilization;" at Santiago de Chile, on "The Democratic Movement in a Republic;" and at Buenos Aires, on "The Democratic Ideal."

As already announced, The Outlook will publish as a result of this visit a series of articles from Mr. Roosevelt's pen on the political, social, and industrial conditions of the South American countries and about their splendid future possibilities.

After the delivery of the addresses and the conclusion of his visits to the three countries named, Mr. Roosevelt will head a scientific expedition into the tropical interior of South America. This expedition is organized by the American Museum of Natural History, and two naturalists of that Museum, Mr. George K. Cherry and Mr. Leo Miller, will accompany Mr. Roosevelt, while the well-known Arctic explorer Mr. Anthony Fiala will have charge of the equipment and route. The expedition will start up the Parana River early in December, and will explore parts of Paraguay and the Brazilian interior, descending the tributaries of the Amazon, and so on out.

The editors of The Outlook join with Mr. Roosevelt's other friends in wishing him all possible success and enjoyment in this undertaking. The relations of the United States to South America are now of enormous importance and are constantly growing in international value and interest. We have no doubt that such interchange of knowledge, theories, and ideas as will grow through and out of this visit will strengthen friendship, clear away misunderstandings, and tend toward common American effort for American advancement.

MR. ROOSEVELT ON THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY

Loose talk and thoughtless prophecy about fusion of National Progressives and Republicans have been common of late. Now comes Mr. Roosevelt's article on "The Progressive Party" in the current "Century," a little over a year since that party was born. It clears the air because it defines the situation.

What the men who made the Progressive party are thinking about, Mr. Roosevelt in effect says, is not primarily party success or political tactics, but the maintenance of the principles and programme for which the new party stands. The party exists to carry out purposes, not to get office through a "dicker" or to juggle a platform to get votes. Between the old parties no vital issues existed at the time when the Republican bosses at Chicago "stole from the rank and file their right to make their own platform and nominate their

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own candidates," and when the Democrats committed themselves to doctrines "either fundamentally false or else set forth with a rhetorical vagueness which makes it utterly useless to reduce them to practice." It is an axiom, as Mr. Roosevelt points out, that "where neither party ventures to have any real convictions upon the vital issues of the day it is morally impossible to use either as an instrument for meeting these vital issues." He does not say that this is true of every issue, but of many of those which concern the average man and woman of this day—issues ignored by the old parties because they spring out of new but profound social and economic changes. To meet these issues the Progressive party alone recognizes the need of new and effective methods. What are these methods? One, we are told, is "the partial substitution of collectivism for individualism, not to destroy but to save individualism;" applying this in concrete form, it means: "We are striving in good faith to produce conditions in which there shall be a more general division of material well-being, to produce conditions under which it shall be difficult for the very rich to become so very rich and easier for the men without capital, but with the right type of character, to lead a life of self-respecting and hard-working well-being."

This is not Socialism; it is social justice; and on it rest the specific, positive demands of the Progressives for the child, the workman, the home, industrial safety and health, minimum wage standards and protection for women, and, in the collective forms of legislation, for National regulation of corporations, for taxation that will shift the weight to those who can best bear it, for a method of affording a popular review of purely judge-made law. Thus Progressivism is both a social philosophy and a fighting force. Party names and party affiliations are but means of convincing the people that this philosophy is right and of winning battles to secure its adoption. Mr. Roosevelt in this article tells why a new party was needed, what it aims to accomplish; how present issues are confused by the old parties, each of which presents, he says, "an incongruous jumble of conflicting principles and policies." He sums up in these words: "We believe that the people should have direct control over their own governmental agencies; and that when this control has been secured, it should be used with resolution, but with sanity and self-restraint, in the effort to make conditions of life and labor a little easier, a little fairer and better, for the men and women of the Nation."

THE NEW YORK STATE PROGRESSIVE NOMINATIONS

Following the Republican nominations of candidates for the New York State Court of Appeals, reported last week, come the Progressive nominations. The Progressives have nominated Learned Hand for Chief Judge and Samuel Seabury for Associate Judge.

Judge Hand is a native of Albany and a graduate of Harvard. In 1909 President Taft appointed him United States Judge for the Southern District of New York. He is a Progressive. Justice Seabury is a Progressive Democrat. In 1901 he was elected a Judge of the New York City Courts on the ticket headed by Seth Low, and in 1905 left the Democratic party to take the nomination for City Judge on the Municipal Ownership ticket. In 1907 he became Supreme Court Justice.

In The Outlook's opinion, these are excellent nominations. They are entirely consonant with the plea that the New York courts be recalled from legalism to humanity and justice. This, indeed, was the keynote of the speeches in the Conference at Rochester at which the nominations were made. Mr. Roosevelt declared that under our present judicial and constitutional system there were many judges of good legal ability but of no special fitness to decide any judicial question of social and economic reform. And yet these judges were permitted to make themselves irresponsible lawmakers on the most vital subjects. Mr. Roosevelt added:

> If in this State the people now possessed the power to decide for themselves whether the courts are or are not to be followed in their declarations about the constitutionality of a given measure of social justice, we would not find ourselves hampered in passing on a man's fitness to be a judge by being also obliged to consider his tendencies as an irresponsible lawmaker. There are plenty of upright men on the bench whose fitness for passing on the ordinary and minor judicial questions that come before them is universally conceded, but who by temper and training are reactionaries as regards all laws affecting the hard-working men and women who do the menial toil of the community.

The platform adopted by the State Committee reaffirms the principles enunciated in

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the National and State platforms of 1912, but deals especially with the "renewed disclosures with respect to the misconduct of State officers, the mismanagement of our finances and public works," and other things that are said to reveal "the cunning hand of the machine boss and his lieutenants, of the invisible and powerful underworld which has so long defied the decent sentiment of mankind."

As to the evidence before the High Court of Impeachment now in session the platform says:

> Much of the evidence . . . was a familiar detail to Tammany leaders long before the impeachment proceeding was thought of. To the Tammany mind it was not at that time immoral. It became immoral only when the newly elected Governor proposed to carry out his party's platform and aid in the writing of a genuine direct primary law upon the statute-books and when investigation by the Governor began to disclose great frauds. . . . The responsibility for the shame of the commonwealth is not upon Tammany Hall alone. The Barnes machine in every crisis has been a faithful and effective coadjutor of the Murphy machine.

Speaking of this, Mr. Roosevelt remarked:

> Murphy and Barnes occupy the position not infrequently taken by a couple of veteran prize-fighters who follow their profession purely as a business, and travel round the country fighting for the gate receipts, which they divide on the basis of 60 per cent to the winner and 40 per cent to the loser. Sometimes they fight on the level, sometimes they understand in advance which is to win; but they are a unit in their resolute insistence that the public is to have no share in the proceedings, except to furnish the gate receipts. Each, of course, would prefer to get the 60 per cent all the time, but each is not merely willing, but eager, to divide with the other, now on the 60 per cent and now on the 40 per cent basis, if thereby they can prevent any outsider from interfering.

But in New York politics the "outsider" is interfering. He will continue to interfere.

THE CASE AGAINST GOVERNOR SULZER CLOSED

The managers for the prosecution in the impeachment proceedings against William Sulzer closed their case on Wednesday of last week rather unexpectedly; and, owing to the illness of Mr. Hinman, who was to open the case for the defense, postponement was had until Monday of this week. A formal motion to strike out five of the eight articles of impeachment was promptly denied by Presiding Judge Cullen, and the High Court accepted his view without dissent, thus carrying out consistently Judge Cullen's proposal that the whole case, both as regards adequacy of proof and adequacy in law, be decided by the High Court (which in this matter is judge both of law and fact) at one time and after the fullest possible hearing.

The testimony heard last week amplified but did not materially strengthen that of the week before. The managers brought out new witnesses for the purpose of showing that contributions had been made to Mr. Sulzer not acknowledged in his sworn return of "all moneys received, contributed, or expended, directly or indirectly, by himself or through any person in aid of his election"—to quote the words of that affidavit. Some of these witnesses, as with others who preceded them, declared that they wanted to help Mr. Sulzer and did not care how he used the money. One witness testified that Mr. Sulzer told him at the time of the receipt of the gift that he did not regard this as a campaign contribution to be accounted for. The list of gifts in cash or in checks to the order of Mr. Sulzer or Mr. Sarecky, which the managers assert should have been and were not included, amounts to nearly $17,000.

A large part of the evidence of last week related to Mr. Sulzer's stock operations; in these he incurred indebtedness of some $40,000, and it is claimed by the prosecution that he sometimes asked for cash contributions or checks to the order of other people in order that he might more easily apply the money to stock operations, and that he did so apply large sums intended as political contributions. Whether the evidence sustains this view will be for the High Court to decide after hearing the defense. To the lay reader of the evidence there seem to be missing links.

The testimony on the charges that Governor Sulzer bribed his secretary by an appointment to office to refrain from appearing before the Frawley Committee, and that he wrongfully speculated in stocks when legislation was before him relating to regulation of speculation, was largely inferential.

It is expected that Governor Sulzer will take the stand in his own defense, and that if he is not allowed to expose the political motives actuating the prosecution he will make a public statement supporting his position that he has been hounded by Tammany because he refused to yield to pressure for making bad appointments, and because he

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was exposing frauds and inefficiency committed by Tammany's supporters in office.

MR. OSBORNE GOES TO PRISON

Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne, a Democrat of conspicuous independence of mind, actively interested in the George Junior Republic, a lawyer who as Deputy Attorney-General recently conducted a Grand Jury investigation into affairs at Sing Sing Prison, now head of the New York Commission on Prison Reform, has himself been given an indeterminate sentence at hard labor. His last words before being taken to his cell were delivered to the assembled convicts in the chapel of Auburn Prison. Mr. Osborne said: "In the Court of Conscience I have been found guilty of having lived many years indifferent to and ignorant of what has been going on behind these walls. I expect to begin serving my sentence this week and am coming here to live your life; to be housed, clothed, fed, treated in all respects like one of you. I want to see for myself exactly what your life is like; not as viewed from the outside in, but from the inside out. Of course I am not so foolish as to think that I can see it from exactly your point of view. Manifestly a man cannot be a real prisoner when he can at any moment walk out; and spending a few hours a day in a cell is quite a different thing from the weary round of weeks, months, years; nor is prison a matter of clothes. As Chairman of the Commission on Prison Reform appointed by Governor Sulzer the Superintendent of Prisons and Warden Rattigan have kindly given me permission to carry out a plan to determine the psychological effect of the present prison system upon the prisoners. I want to find out whether our prison system is intelligent, whether it flies in the face of all common sense and human nature, as I think it does; whether, guided by sympathy and experience, we cannot find something far better to take its place, as I believe we can."

No one familiar with Mr. Osborne's record will suspect that he has immured himself in Auburn Prison for the sake of attracting public attention. Even those who have doubted the wisdom of his undertaking have not called in question the sincerity of his purpose. Mr. Osborne seems fully aware of the fact that there are very definite limitations to what he can learn by such a self-imposed sentence, but he is also aware that the opportunities for observation afforded him by such a sojourn within prison walls may result in an equally definite benefit to the State and to the cause of prison reform. In this opinion The Outlook heartily concurs.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT PANAMA

An earthquake, apparently the severest that has been felt at Panama since the American occupation of the Zone, occurred on the night of October 1. The earthquake came at a most convenient time to prove to the few remaining skeptics that the great artificial hill which empounds the flood waters of the Chagres and flanks the locks at Gatun is really as invulnerable as the engineers have always believed it to be. Only last week the Gatun locks were given their first service test, and now nature herself has added the one finishing touch necessary to guarantee their perfect utility. Lieutenant Colonel Sibert, who has been in charge of the Atlantic division of the Canal since July, 1908, has made a personal inspection of the locks and is convinced that no injury has been done. Colonel Goethals's statement in regard to the condition of the remainder of the great work is equally satisfactory.

Since the completion of the excavation "in the dry" throughout the Culebra Cut, the two slides which have been such a fruitful cause of trouble to the engineers have come together on the floor of the Canal prism. This, however, was foreseen by Colonel Goethals. It is expected that the floating dredges now awaiting the flooding of the Cut to proceed to their stations will make short work of the earth that these slides have carried down into the finished channel. Probably for some time to come, however, there will be need for active excavation at the points where these slides occurred. There is no connection, as was at first reported, between these slides and the earthquake which the locks so successfully withstood.

FRENCH AVIATORS

What the great English sea captains were to Columbus, the French aviators are to Wilbur and Orville Wright. No sooner has some scientific gentleman established to his satisfaction the fact that aeroplanes, once upset, cannot regain their initial stability, than a French pilot proceeds to make eight somersaults in a row, and still to return to earth undamaged

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and unafraid. When still another scientist proves conclusively that looping the loop with an aeroplane is an invitation to certain death, this same French pilot, Pégoud by name, proceeds with complete *sangfroid* to trace a series of gigantic O's upon the astounded skies.

Garros, a second French aviator, has crossed the Mediterranean from St. Raphael to Bizerta—the longest oversea flight on record. This audacious airman made his trip without even the safeguard of light pontoons attached to his machine. He declined also the escort of torpedo-boats offered him by the French Government. Pictures of these two aerial conquistadores appear elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook.

The Gordon Bennett races for the blue ribbon of the air have almost lost their international character, so overwhelming has become the predominance of France. Maurice Prévost in winning this year's trophy broke all records for sustained speed. He covered the course of $124\frac{28}{100}$ miles in 59 minutes $45\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, averaging slightly over two miles a minute. Traveling at that speed, it would take an aviator less than forty-five minutes to fly between Philadelphia and New York. When it is noted that Prévost's record was made on a circular course, the wonder grows.

The price which the world has paid for such achievement is not less noteworthy. Within the current year the roll of those who have given their lives to the conquest of the air has passed the 300 mark.

BILLBOARDS AND BEAUTY

The Commission on Billboard Advertising appointed by Mayor Gaynor is to make an effort to interest advertisers in a campaign for more artistic advertisements. Dr. James P. Haney, Director of Art in the City High Schools, who has just returned from an extended trip through Germany and Austria-Hungary, reports very rapid advancement in the artistic quality of advertising in those countries during the last decade. Some of the best posters now come from the hands of German and Austrian designers, who are specially trained for the practice of this art, and who have developed the ability to use glowing color in striking and harmonious designs. Dr. Haney visited the schools in which young artists are trained in the art of advertising display, where they are not only taught to draw well, but to develop the sentiment of humor. In the cities of both Germany and Austria-Hungary there are official billboards, for these cities, like many in France and Italy, make a profit on the advertising by the posting of bills in the streets. At prominent street corners kiosks are built and rented by the city, and from these artistic advertisements are displayed, the indiscriminate posting of signs on dead walls being strictly prohibited, as is the placing of signs upon housetops and vacant lots.

Mr. George W. Folsom, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, has been so moved by the disfigurement of the beautiful highway between that city and Lenox that he has given public notice of his intention not to deal with advertisers who use the public highways; and he expresses the hope that the lovers of Berkshire scenery may follow his example. The Outlook joins in the hope that this is the beginning of a movement which, if individual in its character, may gather momentum enough to be a public movement.

The New York "Sun" expresses the hope that the hideousness of the billboard ought to be encouraged in order that its end may be hastened. That would be a consummation devoutly to be desired if it could be achieved in the near future. But even the faith of an optimist is overtaxed by such an anticipation; and in the meantime life would be more tolerable and journeys less exhausting if the hideous wooden cows could be driven home, the suspenders and corsets put away, the whisky bottle banished, and the chewing-gum consigned to secret places. If these things can be made less offensive, the attempt ought to have the support of every citizen who is eager to add to the joy of living.

AN ACTOR ON HIS ART

That better American public which prefers dignity and finish in acting to rant and artificiality has just welcomed cordially the return to America of Forbes-Robertson — now Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson through King George's merited recognition of his worth and place on the stage. With his wife, known on the stage as Gertrude Elliott, he is playing what, to the regret of all, is announced as a farewell engagement. The list of dramas presented illustrates not only his versatility but his high standard for the drama. To mention but four of the list, "Hamlet," "Othello," Shaw's

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"Cæsar and Cleopatra," and Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"—this is in itself enough to indicate that tragedy, delicate comedy, whimsicality, and romance are equally facile in their rendering to an actor so delicate in expression and yet so vigorous in moments of passion and stress.

One is glad to learn from the various interviews which appeared in newspapers just after Sir Johnston's arrival in New York that he has an optimistic view of the state of the stage to-day. He does not at all believe that Shakespeare's plays are dead, and points to the London season of last spring and to the Sothern-Marlowe and other successes here as evidence. Moreover, he holds that "better acting, better plays, and better staging" are evident everywhere, and Americans are to be found "in the vanguard of this splendid progress." As to the moral tone of plays, now under fierce discussion in the press, this veteran of forty years' experience on the stage declares his firm conviction that, although from time to time prurient plays appear, and have from time immemorial, they do not and cannot be lasting; realistic drama, clean and wholesome, is, he feels, to be encouraged as rightly as the romantic and classical drama, but the appeal must be to the intellect and imagination and not to that which is base in human nature.

There are many critics who place Forbes-Robertson in the rank with Booth and Irving; his acting has been marked on the one hand by intellectual quality and refinement, on the other by delightful humor and personal charm. A portrait of Sir Johnston as Shylock appears on another page.

ULSTER AND IRELAND

Mr. Redmond, the Irish Nationalist leader, in a speech recently made in Ireland, declared that the Home Rule Bill must be passed first, and then conferences on the details of its administration may be very easily brought about; he emphasized his previous refusal to participate in any conference until the principle of Home Rule has been recognized. The position of Ulster, he said, was "implacable and irreconcilable, and based neither on reason nor argument. Its root was the old spirit of ascendency. It was a brutal, arrogant determination to overrule the will of Parliament and of the country at any cost;" and he insisted that the attitude of the Opposition had made the passage of the Home Rule Bill more certain. He declared that last June he had made an offer to Sir Edward Carson to discuss every provision of the bill with an earnest desire to accommodate the details to the desires of Sir Edward and his followers if they would fully accept the principle of a local Parliament for Ireland, with local powers subject to the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. That suggestion had been rejected, and the Nationalists were now offered an agreement without conditions, covering the whole question of the principles of Home Rule. "That," said Mr. Redmond, "we cannot and will not do. Any Home Rule conference must of necessity be based upon the admission of an Irish Parliament with an executive responsibility. That is the starting-point. Our ship is at the harbor's mouth; the glass is set fair; and the orders are, 'Full steam ahead!'"

This is an uncompromising statement of the Nationalist attitude. An equally frank statement of the Ulster attitude is presented by Mr. F. H. Potter on another page of The Outlook. Mr. Potter reports the attitude of the Radical supporters of the Ulster revolt; he does not undertake to express his own opinion, certainly not that of The Outlook. In the atmosphere of American religious freedom and toleration it is difficult to realize that the old-time bitterness of religious antagonism still survives; but the fact must be recognized, however distasteful it may be.

Lord Northcliffe, who is now in this country, is of opinion that the situation is serious, and bases that statement on the fact that, for more than a year, Ulster men have been arming themselves with modern weapons, have been drilling, and have developed an elaborate wireless telegraph system so that they may be free from the English Government's control of telegraph wires. He is of opinion that the Ulster people will fight, if necessary. In the meantime there is great apathy in England, for the English are tired of the Irish question. Pictures of Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson in the very act of urging their conflicting views appear in another place in this issue.

CONFERENCE OF SETTLEMENTS

New impetus and enthusiasm have been given social work all over the country through the two hundred and seventy-five social workers who attended the annual conference of the National Federation of Settlements held two weeks ago at Valencia,

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near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. This was the first separate conference of the Federation, the previous meetings having been held in conjunction with other associations. Since the settlements were federated five years ago, they have become an even more active and powerful force in the movement for social betterment. This meeting is especially significant because of the comprehensive treatment of the broad variety of vital subjects, and the sincerity and enthusiasm of the delegates, among whom were such prominent social workers as Jane Addams; Henry Moskowitz, of the Madison House, New York; Lillian D. Wald, of the Henry Street Settlement, New York; Robert A. Woods, of the South End House, Boston; and Mrs. Eva Whiting White, of the Elizabeth Peabody House, Boston.

This is a day of problems, as one speaker said; and it is most promising that such vital questions of the day as the minimum wage, sex hygiene, degeneracy, and the girl and the boy problems, are not only discussed but actually tackled as live problems demanding intelligent attention by all persons who come into daily contact with conditions more or less related to these subjects. Two years ago an investigation of the girl problem was undertaken by the Federation through its constituent settlements. The results have been edited under the title of "Young Working-Girls" by Robert A. Woods and Albert J. Kennedy, of the South End House of Boston, and recently published. This book forms a valuable contribution to the study of the adolescent girl and relating problems.

The discussion of the boy problem centered largely about the question as to whether or not sex hygiene should be taught in the schools. A thorough study of this subject, similar to that of the girl problem, is next to be undertaken. Miss Elizabeth Farrell, who has done splendid work with defective children in the New York public schools, gave an earnest and enlightening talk on the treatment of delinquents and defectives. The lack or failure of home influences is responsible for the tragedy of the working-girl's life, said Mrs. White, and she sees great promise in the movement for home-making schools. Besides the home, the settlement has to deal with the street and its influence, according to Philip Davis, of Boston, whose many years of experience with boys in street trades stands back of the statement. The need of enlarged opportunities for wholesome recreation for working people, both young and old, was mentioned by more than one speaker. A special meeting of workers with young people took up the question of present-day dancing and dance-halls.

It is wrong to suppose that the settlement is interested in the welfare of the neighborhood alone. In fact, settlement work is closely related to all the broad social and industrial problems of the day, as is evidenced by the valuable contributions made at the Conference on the subjects of the minimum standard of living, widows' pensions, the minimum wage, and trade-unionism for women.

THE SETTLEMENT AND DEMOCRACY

Especially during the discussions on the Further Application of Democracy and the Future of Settlement Work was it brought out most forcibly that settlement work is but one phase of public service, and is devoted to the extension of democracy. The settlement house stands as the house of the interpreter, aiming more and more to become an expression of the people of the neighborhood. There is evidence of growing democracy in the organization of the settlement as well as in spirit. Many settlements have members of the neighborhood on their board of directors; many are partly financed by contributions from clubs and individuals. Through neighborhood improvement associations the settlement is the medium of civic activities. As agitator of social legislation, the settlement has always an important place to fill. The settlement is usually in the lead of movements for the good of the people, such as the kindergarten and district nursing; but it is always willing to give up these activities when the municipality is ready to take them up adequately, always ready to put its energy into new activities. As Mr. Moskowitz puts it, "We may give up some of our work to the municipality; but there is always new work and a new point of view to take up." Mr. Charles C. Cooper, of the Kingsley House of Pittsburgh, expressed the place of the settlement in these words: "The settlement is the only agency which comes into close contact with all problems, and therefore is especially an agent of social betterment."

Social work, like other kinds of work, needs greater efficiency; and it was suggested that this might be had by co-operation with both private and public agencies, as, for example,

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the sanitary inspector, the probation officer, and private charities. Perhaps the most inspiring words spoken at the Conference were those of Dr. John L. Elliott, of New York, whose settlement, the Hudson Guild, is one of the most democratic in the country. He denounces the "get ahead of the other fellow" competition of to-day, through which "the fine soul of the community—in its youth—is so often lost." What the settlement should do, he said, is to give the people the real things of life, to call forth the best that is in them, in order that they may feel that they have a part in the creation of social things, society.

On the last day of the Conference there was a most inspiring service in memory of Samuel A. Barnett, Canon of Westminster, and founder of Toynbee Hall, the first settlement in London, thirty years ago. No better person could have been chosen to take charge of this memorial meeting in honor of the man who labored in the interests of giving the workingman opportunity for culture than Jane Addams, who is giving herself heart and soul to the welfare of the people.

In their zeal for effectively improving conditions, some social workers are apt to lose sight of the finer things—home life and the unity of the family, for instance. It is of especial significance that at this meeting of settlement workers, where so much of practical needs was treated, there were a few voices reminding the delegates of the finer side of their work and urging each to be a neighbor above all things.

ADVANCES IN CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor has had a development as notable as that of the Young Men's Christian Association, though less noted, since represented by no large property in buildings and material equipment. But it has rooted itself on three continents, and in the last four years has gained a million members.

To maintain this progress is now its endeavor. Its birth in 1881 signalized the reawakening in the Protestant churches of the primitive spirit of Christianity in its endeavor to match creed with deed, and emphasized the need of this in the plastic period of youth.

Many lands are now represented among the thousands in the various groups forming the United Society of Christian Endeavor. Its founder and President, Dr. Francis E. Clark, states that at least ten million of its former members are now active and useful in the churches to a degree largely attributable to its training; also at least four million associate members, whom it helped to bring into the Christian life.

But no statistics can adequately represent its effectiveness directly upon the churches and indirectly upon the many forms of Christian activity that have drawn strength from its influence. It is now endeavoring for larger results.

Churches that have been stirred to imitate the effort of modern business for greater efficiency would do well to pattern from the "Endeavorers." Their new programme for "increase and efficiency" is a specimen of masterly organization eclipsed by no commercial or industrial corporation.

EFFICIENCY IN CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

The goal proposed is one hundred per cent of attainment in twenty-eight specific departments of effort, each contributing to that total—the most important nine per cent, the least important two per cent. Most of these are subdivided into particulars, each contributing a definite part of the assigned percentages. The rating of each local society depends on the sum of all its percentages; its secretary is to report this to the State secretary, who must then report the State average to the secretary of the United Society for publication in its journal, the "Christian Endeavor World," with the names of the most efficient societies in each State. Thus all the societies are geared together for efficient competitive co-operation in good work. "Honor societies" will receive special recognition at the next international convention.

With this programme goes sage advice on "How to Go at It," starting in at points of deficiency, etc. "Efficiency test leaflets" for each line of endeavor are provided, and efficiency wall-charts exhibiting the whole in outline. A similar and simpler scheme is set for the junior societies, composed of the youngest recruits, with suitable leaflets and badges of merit to be won.

The first week of next February is to be devoted to commemoration of the Society's thirty-third birthday, in review of its past and in resolve to make its future equal to the largeness of its hope. Last July its International

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Convention at Los Angeles, the week after the World's Citizenship Conference at Portland, Oregon, specially pledged itself to a two years' campaign for temperance and Christian citizenship. In showing their faith by their works the members of this great organization will not only become an increasingly strong factor in National and international progress, but will set forth the one unanswerable argument on behalf of the faith they confess.

FARM SCHOOLS FOR CITY CHILDREN

It is hard to give the best years of one's life to an undertaking, carrying one's plans to the verge of fulfillment by dint of persistent fighting in the face of bitter opposition, and then, when the field is all but won, to see victory slipping away because there are no reinforcements to hold the ground already captured and to clinch the triumph. That is the situation which confronts Mrs. Henry Parsons, the President and founder of the International Children's School Farm League. Eleven years ago Mrs. Parsons formed the League to give city children a chance to dig in the soil, plant seeds, and watch them grow, believing that the restoration of this privilege would go far toward keeping the children off the streets and out of harm's way, and thus benefit the whole community. Time has proved the soundness of this belief.

The Outlook has told before how the League began with a little ground in one of the city's parks, divided this into small plots, and assigned to each plot a diminutive farmer, who planted his crop of seven vegetables and tended it carefully through droughts and floods till he reaped the reward of his labor and watchfulness at harvest time.

The importance of the lesson of the responsibility of individual ownership and of the owner's relation to the community which is learned by the little farmers is now recognized by the city authorities, who have also shown that they appreciate the value of giving children a chance to "work off steam" in a useful way. The latter consideration has particular force in the case of defective children whose mental growth has failed to keep pace with their physical development, and who constitute a serious menace to the city.

In 1905 the Department of Parks came to the assistance of the League, and six years later the Board of Education gave its approval. At present there are farm gardens in three of the city's parks, and by the time the second crop has been harvested the League will have reached 35,000 schoolchildren this season alone. This work cannot continue, however, unless there is a supply of properly trained teachers to draw upon. Mrs. Parsons and her son, Mr. Henry Griscom Parsons, have been greatly handicapped by having at their command no lieutenants with practical experience. If the League's President dies to-morrow her work will die with her, and if she lives it will be devitalized before her eyes unless a practical training-school for teachers is secured. The Board of Education is unable to provide such a school; if it is to be founded at all, it must be upon private funds. Already land for this purpose has been given in New York City, but $500,000 is needed for the construction of buildings and maintenance. Such an institution would furnish teachers for this work throughout the country, for farm schools have been established in several cities in addition to New York, and in all of them the need of trained instructors is felt keenly.

THE NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY

At the opening exercises of Union Theological Seminary, New York City, the Rev. Dr. William Adams Brown, Professor of Systematic Theology, addressed the students on their relation to the Church. The Outlook would also emphasize the qualities which he emphasized as necessary to fit students "for the work which lies immediately ahead."

First of all, "The world has a right to ask of the Christian minister that he knows what he believes and why he believes it." In other words, the minister must have a definite message. "From the first Christianity has professed to bring a revelation from God in matters which it is important for man to know, and the world has a right to ask of the minister that he tell it in clear and unambiguous terms what that revelation is, and what is the authority by which it is evidenced."

But, as Dr. Brown is careful to add, assertion alone is not enough. "Christianity brings not simply revelation but redemption. It has its message to the heart as well as to the mind. Great gifts are promised: forgiveness, renewal, inspiration, comradeship, a joy not of

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this world, a peace that passes understanding. . . . The world has a right to ask of the man who speaks to it of God's continuing power to renew and to transform, that his own life should evidence the truth of his words." There must be, then, on the part of the Christian minister, a genuine experience.

Finally, with knowledge and experience must go consecration. "Christianity is not simply a religion for individuals. It has a public message. It contemplates the reconstruction of society as a whole, as well as the units which compose it. Best of all the gifts which it offers man is the right to share with God in his work of making out of this wonderful, growing world of ours . . . all that in the divine plan it was meant to be."

The theological seminary has an intimate relation with these three qualifications. As to the first, it must teach its students to distinguish the great things of religion from the small. As to the second, the seminary must cultivate the personal experience needed to vitalize the doctrines that are preached. It must cultivate a certain habit of mind, "the habit that looks at all the factors of religion from the point of view of the will and the conscience as well as of the mind, which is ever translating doctrine into terms of life and testing the translation by its fruits in experience. Without such discipline you cannot make an efficient minister. . . . It is discipline for which the seminary should feel itself responsible." As to the third qualification, Dr. Brown was well within the mark in saying that Union Seminary had always been a training-school of missionaries. He proceeded to tell the missionary what he should be. He must be a student of personality. Again, he must be not only a spokesman but an interpreter. This need of interpretation, declared the speaker, is the justification of what is often called a new theology. "It cannot be too often said that the new theology is not a new gospel. It is only the attempt to realize . . . all that the old gospel means. . . . It is a child of the missionary spirit. . . . Our foreign missionaries are new theologians, as with loving sympathy they live themselves into the civilization they are trying to influence, become Hindu to the Hindus and Chinamen to the Chinese, that they may make Hindu and Chinese alike Christians."

Above all, concluded Dr. Brown, we must open our hearts to the social passion. "We must understand the motives which explain the struggle of warring classes, that we may distinguish those which are unselfish and uplifting from those which are sordid and base. . . . We must not be afraid of that strange new force men call democracy, that is making its presence felt in such unexpected places and that is working such revolutionary results. We must have faith to believe that it has its purpose to fill in God's plan."

The Outlook wishes that it had space to print Dr. Brown's address in its entirety. It is a privilege to quote thus from it for the benefit of Christian clergymen everywhere—indeed for the benefit of all Christians.

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA

Bishop Bashford, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has just made an extremely interesting report concerning the progress of Christianity in China. The report is of special note because it indicates also a practical progress towards union in religious, educational, and humanitarian work.

At Nanking, for instance, in central China, the ancient capital, the Methodists, Presbyterians, and Disciples have already united in all preparatory and college work, and also in the theological and medical schools. The result is that a higher and better type of education than ever before is being furnished. The Baptists are now planning to unite with the above-mentioned bodies in the work at Nanking. Similarly in southern China the Methodists and Congregationalists have already united in their theological schools, and the Methodists and the Episcopalians in the medical schools. In western China the Baptists, Methodists, and English Quakers have united in all preparatory, college, normal, and professional work. In northern China the Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists are planning to bring their theological schools together. It is to be noted that in this region all the missions have united in medical school work. Finally, as a result of the conferences held last spring under Dr. Mott's leadership, all the Protestant missions in China have voted to unite, at as early a date as practicable, in all educational work with the exception of the primary schools.

The missions have also voted to use a common name for all Protestant churches in China, namely, "The Christian Church in China." The way has also been left

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open for Roman Catholics to join in every possible endeavor.

It would be, in The Outlook's opinion, no less than a modern miracle if all the Christian forces of China were one day federated in the attempt to establish a Christian civilization there. May the miracle come!

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE BUSINESS MAN

The self-made business man's attitude toward the university is fast changing from one of hostility to active co-operation. He finds less and less opportunity to teach young men the fundamentals of his business. Secondly, he is discovering that, no matter how successful he has been, the sum of one man's experience is not enough to equip his son for competent work. Business and trade conventions, which have developed mightily in service during the last decade, have taught him the benefit of exchanging experiences with other men. He is beginning to insist that if these experiences could be formulated into systematized instruction they could be of inestimable value in furnishing him recruits.

To meet this need he is doing two things: he is inaugurating schools in his own shops, and he is combining with the university in establishing schools of business. There is a School of Business Administration at Harvard. The University of Pennsylvania has long served the business life of Philadelphia. A number of Western institutions have combined with successful men of affairs in offering efficient business instruction.

In New York City, New York University has led the way with its School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance. Dean Joseph French Johnson is a pioneer in the work. With a building situated in the heart of the business section and with day and evening classes he accommodates 2,500 students. Dean Johnson is a business specialist himself, and he has insisted from the beginning that his Faculty be composed of successful men from commercial life.

To one accustomed to the traditional academic environment Dean Johnson's class-rooms appear slightly revolutionary. Here one may find a noted psychologist devoting his time to telling young men for just what branch of business life nature has equipped them. He specializes on fitting round pegs in round holes. By practical, scientific testing he picks out the young man who has an aptitude for detailed work, the young man who was born with a power of initiative, another who shows skill in leading and handling men, one who can sell, and another who can buy.

In a second room a $15,000-a-year public accountant is leaning over the shoulder of a ten-dollar-a-week bookkeeper, demonstrating the grip that is to pull the clerk up the next rung of the ladder. In a third room an advertising man of National reputation is explaining on the blackboard to a small Sixth Avenue shopkeeper why his small advertisement which offered a bargain sale in "Gents' Socks" failed to pull business from the élite in Washington Square.

There is an atmosphere of co-operation about these class-rooms which is typical of the new democracy in university circles. The labor leader works with the bank president from Wall Street in explaining the new social forces which are effecting business. The ten-dollar-a-week clerk has his turn in court, while the $5,000-a-year business manager sits under him as a student.

There is no reason why institutions which have won success in teaching young men and women how to live cannot double their service in instructing them in the equally difficult task of how to make a living.

THE NEW "INDEPENDENT"

Last autumn The Outlook reported the purchase of the "Independent" by Mr. Hamilton Holt, one of its editors. This important step has been followed by the appearance of this journal in a larger form and the introduction of many illustrations. The "Independent," in this issue, affirms the absolute and untrammeled right of the people to rule themselves; announces its belief in a strong central government, and in the use of the government not only to protect the people, but to do anything which the people can do collectively better than they can as individuals; it advocates a democracy in industry by which the workers shall come more and more into ownership of the tools with which they produce, and capital and labor come to be more and more partners rather than rivals in industry. It affirms its belief in the enlargement of the life of woman in the world, in the substitution of judicial procedure in place of war, and sums up its platform in the three words

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of the French revolutionist: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

In its larger form it presents a variety of interesting pictures, including four full-page illustrations printed on tinted paper.

In chronicling these changes in its contemporary The Outlook takes occasion to express its hearty good wishes for the success of the "Independent" in its new and attractive dress.

THE FALL JEWISH HOLIDAYS

The Jews have ever been a tractable race, avoiding internal dissension as well as quarrels with other peoples, but from the second day to the twelfth day of this month their peaceableness is accentuated. It is the orthodox Jewish belief that on Rosh Hashonah, the Jewish New Year's Day, which fell on October 2 this year, all Jews are called to an accounting by their Maker. The names of those whose lives have been wholly good are inscribed in the Book of Life, according to the belief, while those who are wholly bad are eternally damned. The members of the great middle class, however, neither altogether good nor wicked, are given nine days of grace in which to add some good deeds to their credit before the Book of Life is closed on Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, solemnized on the tenth day of the month of Tisri, which falls this year on the 11th of October by the Gregorian Calendar. The Talmud says: "Without reconciliation with your fellow-man there can be no reconciliation with God," and hence it is that the dwellers in the ghettoes of our cities are even more law-abiding than usual just now.

The observance of Yom Kippur is surrounded with traditions of unusual interest to the layman. This day—the most significant in the calendar of the Orthodox Jew—is the day set aside for expiating the sins of Jews as one people. It is a day of national atonement. Before the time of Moses such a day was observed, but the great lawgiver was responsible for the character of most of the ceremonies now in use. Authority for the act of Moses is found in Leviticus xxiii. 26, 27: "And the Lord spoke unto Moses, saying, Also on the tenth day of this seventh month there shall be a day of atonement: it shall be an holy convocation unto you; and ye shall afflict your souls, and offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord." In accordance with further Biblical precept the day is celebrated from sunset to sunset—that is, it begins this year on the evening of the 10th of October and ends at dusk the following day. During this period of twenty-four hours the Orthodox Jews fast, and the more devout members of the race remain constantly in their synagogues. A candle burns in every orthodox home, symbolizing the soul before the justice of God. The services in the synagogues consist of prayers, singing, and the reading of the Mosaic law. The ceremonies close with a blast on a horn (Tekeho Gdaulo), and as the sound dies away it is the conviction of the worshipers that the Book of Life has been closed and the fate of every Jew sealed.

The Reform Hebrews have their own observance of the day, and there is a constantly increasing number of both Orthodox and Reform Hebrews who perform the rites of Yom Kippur simply out of respect to their fellows. There is another ever-increasing element in the larger cities of the United States, consisting largely of young Jews, whose members have taken Socialism for their religion, and who abjure altogether the holy days of their fathers.

A NURSES' SETTLEMENT IN JERUSALEM

When traveling in Palestine three years ago, Miss Eva Leon, a wealthy French Jewess, was struck with the prevalence of poverty and disease among her people in Jerusalem, and resolved to devote her life to ameliorating their condition. She aroused the interest of her sister, Mrs. Richard Gottheil, whose husband is one of the Faculty of Columbia University, and of Miss Henrietta Szold, the President of the Hadassah Chapter of the Daughters of Zion, an organization of American Jews, and with them called upon the Jews of the United States to "begin their charity at home" and aid their countrymen in the ancient city of the Hebrews. In Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Straus the three women had two powerful friends.

The four Jewish hospitals in Jerusalem, with accommodations for one hundred and forty persons, were found to be altogether inadequate to the needs of a Jewish population of more than fifty thousand; and, on the other hand, it was learned that many Jews refused treatment at the hospital conducted by Christian missionaries, charging that there "religion was mixed with medicine." Mr.

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Straus decided that the first thing to do was to provide the poor with food, and he accordingly established a soup kitchen, where the poor, regardless of religion, are given soup and bread. To provide work for the unemployed Mr. Straus established a factory where more than a hundred men and women are kept busy making mementoes for tourists from mother-of-pearl. In another building the Hebrew philanthropist installed a school in which young girls are taught to sew, cook, wash and iron clothes, and perform other household duties.

Last, but not least, nine months ago, a nurses' settlement was formed, and Mr. Straus and several Chicago Jews sent to Jerusalem two American nurses, Miss Rose Kaplan, formerly of Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City, and Miss Rachel Landy, who had been one of the nurses at the Harlem Hospital in the same city. Trachoma has long been the scourge of the Holy City, but the ravages of this disease have already been checked by the efforts of the two American nurses and a German specialist engaged by the founders of the settlement. The eyes of the 9,000 school-children in Jerusalem are now regularly examined, and Miss Leon has herself assisted at 4,500 operations on the eyes of such children.

Many of the expenses of this work are now borne by the Jews of New York City and Chicago, and the friends of the enterprise hope soon to be able to afford several more nurses. As about sixty-five per cent of the population of Jerusalem is Jewish, it is but natural that the institution aids more Jews than the men of any other race; but absolutely no discriminations on account of race or creed are permitted by the founders of the settlement, which is a charity that should appeal to broad-minded philanthropists of all nationalities.

A MILLION DOLLARS A DAY IN SALES TO LATIN AMERICA

Last week the figures of our exports for the fiscal year 1913 to Latin America were published, and it was seen that for every business day during the twelve months they amounted to over a million dollars a day. The term Latin America includes all of South America except the Guianas, all of the Central American Republics and Mexico, Cuba, Hayti, and Santo Domingo. During the fiscal year the value of exports from the United States to these countries reached $321,000,000 against $108,000,000 in 1900, an increase of no less than 197 per cent.

The impressive character of this fact should be the more appreciated when we realize that, according to the report, our exports to other parts of the world were increasing but 67 per cent. Nor is this all. The bulk of our exports to the countries in question consists of manufactures, and their percentage of increase is even greater, being about 230 per cent. We send to Latin America manufactures of iron and steel, railway cars, automobiles, agricultural implements, furniture, and leather goods. We import from those countries sugar, coffee, cocoa, tobacco, rubber, wool, nitrates, copper, and hides. The imports into the United States from Latin America also show large gains during the period since 1900, the total in 1913 being $441,000,000 against $162,000,000 in 1900, an increase in percentage of 171 per cent, also an impressive increase.

The most rapid gains in the exports to Latin-American countries were in the trade with Argentina and Brazil. With the opening of the Panama Canal, however, we may find the most rapid increase in the trade of the west coast of South America. That total foreign trade now amounts to some $700,000,000 annually and goes mostly to Europe because of the shipping facilities offered by the Straits of Magellan. The opening of the Panama Canal, however, should turn much of it in our direction.

A NEW BATTLE-SHIP

The Argentine battle-ship Rivadavia has been completed by a firm in this country. The trial trips of the new vessel along the Maine coast have made a marvelous showing, indicating that she can do much better than the twenty-two and a half knots called for by her contract.

In the opinion of some qualified observers, the Rivadavia is the most powerful battleship afloat. It is certainly a satisfaction that she has been built in the United States, and it is a still greater satisfaction that an American firm got the contract in competition with the rest of the world. This was because its bid was the lowest.

English ship-builders in especial were much nettled at the discovery that apparently they could not build ships as cheaply as we could, and one firm in England ascribed the reason

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to the existence, as it alleged, of "powerful rings" in this country, able to "control the supply of armor and armament."

What is of more moment, the building of the new ship calls renewed attention to the extraordinarily ambitious naval programmes of Argentina and Brazil, thus emphasizing the competition of these two states for South American supremacy. Vast as are the resources of these countries, it is a question whether their need for special self-protection against possible aggression justifies a great expenditure to secure such a naval showing of power.

TO SPIRITUALISTS

It is to be hoped that Dr. Hyslop's recent frank "Word to Spiritualists" will open the eyes of some credulous people who are wasting time and money and faith—for faith can be wasted as well as time and money—on alleged communications from friends in the next stage of life. As an expert in spiritism and a student of the phenomena which the various psychical societies are investigating, Dr. Hyslop speaks to so-called Spiritualists with authority.

Maeterlinck's essay in the September number of the "Century Magazine" sums up the evidence for and against possible communication with those in the next stage of life very dispassionately; whether or not the fact of communication has been established, Maeterlinck declares that the alleged communications are puerile, futile, or uninteresting. Dr. Hyslop does not mince words; and as he speaks from a point of view generally sympathetic with spiritism, his words ought to carry weight:

> Why do not men and women in this agnostic age turn with avidity to the Spiritualist's claim that he has indubitable evidence for a future life? The answer to this question is simple. The Spiritualists have not given any intelligent account of their own evidence and have allowed their claims to be poisoned by so much real or apparent fraud that intelligent people would have none of it. They have not put ethics and religious earnestness forward as the primary object of their belief and lives.
>
> On the contrary, they have exhibited performances which offend every intellectual and æsthetic instinct of men when it comes to beliefs that have assorted themselves with some sort of idealism and have given us performances that are poorer than conjuring and totally lacking in intellectuality and taste. . . .
>
> Now, all this sort of thing will have to be abandoned if Spiritualism is to obtain any respect at all. It has harbored all sorts of frauds and taken no adequate means of expelling them from its ranks or its promoters and priests. . . . There is no reason for making a fuss about immortality unless the belief is helpful to morality and religious ideals generally.

HOW TO WIN THE NON-CHURCHGOERS

Some time ago at Lausanne, Switzerland, a series of Sunday "séances" for men was started. The starters were influential enough to induce the city authorities to permit the séances to take place in the Council Chamber of the City Hall. The first séance programme consisted of music, the discussion of some subject appropriate to the day, and then more music. We quote it, as it indicates the character of all subsequent programmes:

1. Larghetto; violoncello and piano.... Mozart.
2. Conference "Can One Remain a Christian?" by A. Fornerod.
3. (*a*) Chant du Soir.....Schumann.
   (*b*) Le Cygne.....Saint-Saëns.

Invitations were sent out to many whom it was desirable to reach. The response was not only immediate, it was continuous. All sorts and kinds of men came, but especially non-churchgoers. A Lausanne pastor, dropping in one Sunday afternoon, was impressed by finding a man from his own parish who had never been to church. Of course there was no charge for admission. There was no collection either; there was not even a contribution box on the wall by the door. There were no hymns, no Bible readings, no prayers. In short, the effort was made to present the kind of Sunday afternoon séance which would appeal to the non-churchgoer and yet which would not violate the spirit of the day. Before long it became necessary to seek larger quarters. By this time the character of the séances had so pleased the non-churchgoers that they conceded the removal to the large church of St. Francis, the second ecclesiastical edifice in importance in Lausanne. The attendance has now doubled, and, what is more, the auditors have decided to organize themselves into a "going concern." They have adopted the following platform. We translate:

> The Fraternity of Men, established at Lausanne with the aim to bring together all men of the city without distinction as to age, nationality, social conditions, or ecclesiastical confession, for the study of all questions of interest to the individual and collective life and for the practical realization of reforms which tend to the general good, confident in God's power to prepare a better future, declares that it takes as its motto the evangelical precept, "Love one

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another," and as its inspiration the spirit incarnated in the person of Christ.

Furthermore, while declaring itself independent of churches and Christian associations, the Fraternity of Men affirms its wish to work in harmony with them, and appeals to all men of good will to co-operate. The work of the Fraternists is just now bearing special fruit in a particularly amiable exchange of views between the capitalists and day laborers of Lausanne.

AMERICAN TRAVEL IN JAPAN

Nearly three thousand Americans visited Japan last year, and the number is steadily increasing. Many of these visitors were round-the-world tourists, some of whom take a very intelligent interest in countries and peoples and are good observers; others are very superficial sightseers and very thorough shoppers. An American, speaking recently in Tokyo, declared that America has no foreign policy! She has good impulses, but no fixed purposes, and this, as it relates to the Far East, has been due, he declared, to the lack of knowledge of conditions.

The statement is too sweeping; but the fact that Americans are ignorant of the Far East and very little interested in questions of foreign relations, unless they take an acute form, is obvious. It is a dangerous condition, and the rising tide of American travel to Japan is therefore to be welcomed.

It is interesting in this connection to remember that Commodore Perry went to Japan in 1853 and opened its ports, chiefly to establish a coaling station on the coast and provide for American sailors shipwrecked near the same coast, Daniel Webster, who was then Secretary of State, drafting the original letter to the Emperor.

The newspaper comments on the expedition were highly diverting. The Philadelphia "Ledger" declared that there was no "money in the treasury for the conquest of the Japanese Empire," and that the "administration will hardly be disposed to pursue such a romantic notion." Two days before Commodore Perry sailed the Baltimore "Sun" told its readers, "It will sail about the same time with Rufus Porter's aerial ship," and later insisted on "abandoning this humbug, for it has become a matter of ridicule abroad and at home." The English papers were no more hopeful. The "Times" doubted "whether the Emperor of Japan would receive Commodore Perry with most indignation or most contempt," and the London "Examiner" said, "We cannot agree with an American journalist in thinking such a force (2,000 men) will be sufficient to coerce a vain, ignorant, semi-barbarous, and sanguinary nation of thirty millions of people."

Those Japanese who are weighed down by Western ignorance of their spirit and customs may well take comfort when they measure the distance which has been traversed since these original evidences of ignorance were set down in black and white for popular reading. Much remains to be done in the way of securing trustworthy international information; but it is encouraging to compare the present state of comparative knowledge with the universal ignorance of sixty years ago.

CURRENT EVENTS PICTORIALLY TREATED

In the illustrated section of this week's number of The Outlook one obtains glimpses of current life which reveal its extraordinary variety. Never before in the experience of the world have men participated in the whole life of the world as they are participating to-day. Almost every one may listen, as it were, to the whole scale of the life of the modern world. In this series of pictures are shown some of the contrasting forces that are binding men together to-day.

There is the common interest in various forms of art indicated by the portrait of Verdi, the Italian composer, whose works are produced as effectively in America as anywhere else, and whose centenary is being celebrated in America as it is in Italy; and by the portrait of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, the English actor, who is a welcome visitor to America.

There is the common interest in political affairs involving fundamental questions of human liberty, whether they are being struggled over in Ireland, as illustrated in the contrasting figures of Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson, or in Adrianople, where the Turk sits fast on the fortress from which he was so recently ousted.

There is the common interest in outdoor life and love of nature, as illustrated in the pictures of the Roosevelt party in Arizona.

And there is the common interest in human achievement over the forces of nature, as indicated in the conquest of the air by the two

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French aviators, and in the conquest of the Isthmus by the opening of the Panama Canal.

Most of these specific features of current life pictorially treated are discussed in more detail in various places in our editorial pages.

"IN JUSTICE TO COLOMBIA"

A Mr. Earl Harding has made, in an article in "World's Work," a most extraordinary proposal which he labels "In Justice to America." In this article he assumes without argument that the United States has done a great injury to Colombia; that, in consequence, the feeling in Colombia against the United States is very bitter, and this bitterness extends to other Central American and South American states; and to repair this injury he proposes that the United States "require" the Republic of Panama to give to us the most valuable part of its territory, including the cities of Colon and Panama and the territory south of the Canal to the head-waters of the Chagres River; and require it to give to Colombia a useless territory, "mostly an impassable swamp" "occupied largely by San Blas Indians—white men scarcely ever penetrate it"—territory which lies between Colombia and the Republic of Panama, making geographical connection impossible and political and commercial connection nearly impossible.

This, he assures us, will satisfy the national pride of the Colombians, while he at the same time assures us that "there is no real consensus of opinion in Colombia on the Panama question," that "the two old political parties in Colombia have been split into six groups," and that "the popular assumption is that any man who might effect the settlement of the Panama controversy would be the people's idol and the next President, wherefore every faction jealously guards against the allotment of this opportunity to one of its opponents."

The truth is that Colombia has not any ground of complaint against the United States. Panama revolted against the iniquitous government of Colombia with far better grounds for its revolt than the American colonies had in 1776 for their revolt against Great Britain. Our Government did nothing to stir up or provoke the Panama revolution. It anticipated, foresaw, and prepared for it, as every intelligent man who sat at an editorial desk and was familiar with current events anticipated, foresaw, and prepared for it. The United States was under moral and international obligation to protect the interocean route across the Isthmus, and it did so by forbidding fighting along the line of that route. The people of Panama were unanimous in their revolt against Colombia, and the authority of Colombia collapsed in a night because she had neither moral nor physical power to enforce her authority.

The people of this country will never concede that Colombia has the shadow of a claim against the United States for its prompt recognition of an oppressed people struggling for their rights. A queer idea of justice to Colombia is this proposal to attempt to satisfy her national pride and reconcile her warring factions with one another and with the United States by a Poland-like division of the territory of a people who have shown their right to liberty by daring to fight for it, and in that division taking the lion's share of the spoil for ourselves and giving the jackal's share to Colombia.

VERDI, THE COMPOSER WHO NEVER GREW OLD

Only a little more than twelve years ago Giuseppe Verdi, one of the greatest opera composers of all time, died at his home in Italy, and this year the world is celebrating the centenary of his birth. Yet Verdi, though he was nearly ninety years of age when he died, did not live long enough to become an old man. In the whole history of art there was never a better instance of the fact that when youth once possesses a man it cannot be shaken off. This spirit of youth is seen in the portrait of Verdi on another page. Verdi was incorrigibly young.

In these days, when it is fashionable in some artistic circles to be decadent, when some youngsters in art are afflicted with all the symptoms of senile dissolution and others affect them, there is a saving healthfulness in the influence of such an artist as Verdi. Happily that influence is reinforced by the fact that he was commercially successful. The advertising value of an intimation by an artist that he has spoiled products for sale has been, we believe, overestimated; and it is primarily because of its supposed advertising value that many aspirants for honor and income in art seem to believe, out of duty to their families, that it is desirable to have such intimations circulated. All the

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zest would die out of competition in decadence if it should become evident that the winner was to get no material prize. If for no other reason, therefore, than that he made something more than a comfortable living in spite of his sanity and wholesomeness, Verdi is to be gratefully remembered to-day. With the years he grew younger, and as he was approaching the end of his ninth decade he went out from the world a clear-eyed, impressionable, robust youth.

Enough happened to him when he was still a young man to have given him ample excuse, if he had wanted it, to become old before his time. He was still in his twenties when tragedy overtook him. At twenty-three he was married, before he had attained anything more than a local reputation or had secured anything like an assured income. By the time two children had been born to him he had one of his operas produced and he was under commission to write three more, one of them, on which he was at work, being a comic opera. He was finding it hard to pay his rent, and to relieve his anxieties his wife disposed of her trinkets so that the obligation might be met. Then one of his children fell ill of a malady that could not be diagnosed, and died in his mother's arms; then in a few days the other child fell ill and died; and within a few weeks the young wife, as he says in his own words, was "taken from me by a most violent inflammation of the brain, so that on the 10th of June I saw the third coffin carried out of my house." There was irony in the tragedy. "I was alone, alone," he writes later; "my family had been destroyed, and in the very midst of these trials I had to fulfill my engagement and write a comic opera!" No wonder the opera was a failure.

Stunned, he dropped composition. But he could not hide within him the gift of song. A libretto which an importunate impresario virtually forced him to read proved, in part, to be of Biblical character, and brought him comfort. Soon this libretto was singing itself in Verdi's grief-stricken brain. The result was an opera that succeeded. A man who passes through such an experience as Verdi passed through at that time has no taste for what is degenerate. There may be much in Verdi's work that seems to us to-day artificial, much that is really naïve and in a way primitive; but there is nothing that is not consonant with the tone of youthful health.

And Verdi's spirit of youth showed itself in his buoyant reaction to the political conflicts of his time. He lived through that period in which the Italian people made a united nation of Italy, the period of Italian liberation. He lived, too, among a people who took their music as seriously as they took their politics. It is related by one of his biographers that when he was about twenty years of age Verdi went to Busseto, in fulfillment of an understanding with those who had contributed to his musical education, to take the post of *maestro* and organist at the cathedral, and conductor of the Philharmonic Society. The church wardens of the cathedral, however, had other plans of which the beneficiary was rather an indifferent organist who had the support of two bishops. The result was that the Philharmonic Society in a tumult raided the cathedral, despoiled the archives of all music belonging to the society, and began what amounted to a civil war which involved "satires, insults, affrays, riots, imprisonments, persecutions, banishments, and the like," and which continued through several years. We Americans sometimes wonder why we do not produce great composers. We do not take the composers seriously enough. We regard music as something to be hired for a dance, but not something to be imprisoned or banished for, as Verdi's countrymen did. Taking their music seriously, Italians on both sides of the political struggle found in more than one of Verdi's operas occasion for spirited controversy. This is illustrated very well by the opera of Verdi's that has an American setting. The fact that the scene of "Un Ballo in Maschera" came to be laid in America was due to Italian politics. In its original form the plot of the opera related the story of a conspiracy against a Swedish king, ending in his assassination. The police of Naples felt that an opera with such a subject had a sinister significance, and peremptorily ordered the composer to set his music to different words. Verdi refused, and thereupon became a hero to the Neapolitan masses. Crowds followed him through the streets and cheered under his window, shouting, "Viva Verdi," using Verdi's name as standing for the initial letters of the phrase, "Vittorio Emmanuele Re D'Italia" (Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy). A Roman impresario had a bright idea; he changed the scene from Sweden to the United States of America, the King to Count Richard, Governor of

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Boston, and the other characters to suit, and brought out the work in triumph. The powers that were in Italy had no objection to the assassination of a Boston governor! This was not the only instance in which Verdi found himself the center of a manifestation of Italian patriotism. Unlike some other artists who have found themselves in somewhat similar positions, however, Verdi never assumed a patriotic pose.

Free from the temptation to assume the pose of a patriot, he was free also from any inclination to assume the pose of the artist. He escaped that influence which has marred the careers of so many young composers of our day—the influence that leads them to fancy that they must justify their own work by what they are pleased to call originality, innovation, a contribution to the music of the future, the revelation of an individual soul that is different from any other soul, or something of that sort. Different as he was in most respects from his German contemporary Brahms, his direct opposite in being an operatic composer and virtually nothing else, Verdi was like Brahms in this one respect—that he had the singleness of purpose and standard of the artist. In all he did he worked to make his product as perfect as he could. The result is always what must happen when genius harnesses itself to the task—a set of masterpieces that survive change of fashion. When Verdi began his career, the orthodox operatic form in Italy was at the other extreme from the realistic drama. It consisted of set pieces which furnished opera singers with an opportunity to display their vocal charms and arouse the audience by dramatic declamation and song. The plot served merely as a convenient line on which these set pieces could be strung in something like order. This conventional form Verdi accepted, and infused it with his genius. Meantime his contemporary Richard Wagner, born in the same year as he, was exerting his genius in creating a new form. Wagner, part reformer, part *poseur*, altogether genius, influenced the form of the opera profoundly; and as the opera changed its form Verdi accepted the changes and infused them with his genius as he had infused with his genius its traditional conventions. In 1871 was produced for the first time "Aïda," which in tone and spirit as well as in form is as different from "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata" (both produced first in 1853) as if they had been written by another composer. And when we come to his latest works, "Otello" (1887) and "Falstaff" (1893), the change is complete. Nothing in the history of music is more extraordinary and more stimulating as an example than Verdi's production of "Falstaff" in his eightieth year. Not only is it an astonishing instance of a man advancing with the times as he advances in years, of unimpaired powers of assimilation at a time when one would expect a man to be satisfied with what he had acquired through painful effort in middle age and youth, of extraordinary and almost incredible ability on the part of a man trained in the old form to use a new form as if he had been accustomed to it all his life, of the development in a direction of realism of powers trained to accomplish dramatic feats of an altogether artificial sort; it is something still more extraordinary—it is like the appearance of a new star; because, after a series of operas of melodramatic or tragic character, it is the purest and livest kind of comedy, bubbling over with the kind of gayety that delights in practical jokes. Did ever any other artist crown his career with a work like this?

At least one man found that youth could be perennial.

NERVE IRRITANTS

A discouraged Englishman said recently that, as a result of a widespread attack of hysteria, England had become ungovernable. To an American it is surprising to read warnings by an eminent English nerve specialist addressed to his countrymen which seem to confirm this statement. England, according to this authority, is suffering from an "attack of nerves;" and to protect themselves from waste of nervous energy he urges Englishmen to "eat slowly, walk slowly, dress slowly, and speak slowly." Among the agencies which contribute to waste of nerve force he enumerates hasty luncheons, tight clothing, and the habit of worry; and as nerve restorers he suggests comfortable clothing, an hour a day in the open air, self-control in the details of living, quieter habits, lower voices, a leisurely manner at the telephone.

The most efficient men do not worry; they accept interruption and delay calmly, and are notable for mobility of mind. It is a popular delusion, says this authority, that the waiting-rooms of nerve specialists are

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filled with neurotic women; on the contrary, "fully eighty per cent of such a specialist's patients are professional and business men. The terrifying sensation many of them feel is that they have lost control of their thoughts and cannot sleep for thinking of business, and then feel they are going off their heads. The nervous system shuts off nervous force from the stomach the first thing, and keeps the brain, heart, and lungs going till the subject approaches collapse. Once the stomach is upset it does not digest meals. A vicious stomach upsets the nerves, and the nerves upset the stomach."

There are other agencies which contribute to the development of hysteria; notably sensational journalism, which aims to so select and present the news of the day as to give its readers a series of shocks. The skill with which journals of this class collect disturbing events and impart the element of irritation to them could not be more effective if it were a device to fill the sanatoriums. To set classes and nations "by the ears," to foment discord in churches and in political parties, to make everybody angry with somebody else, is an art which must give joy to the forces of evil in the world; for it is the most efficient service which can be rendered to them. From the headline in the big red type which runs across the top of the first page to the scandal at the bottom of the last column the newspaper of this type is a piece of sandpaper to the eye, the nerves, and the feelings.

STEPS TOWARD UNITY

The first report of the joint commission appointed by the General Convention of the Episcopal Church in 1910 to bring about a world conference for the consideration of questions touching faith and order is characterized by two qualities—largeness of view and breadth of spirit. The suggestion for the holding of this conference, as readers of The Outlook will remember, was first made by Bishop Brent, a man of religious genius and one of the great missionary leaders of the day. Made first in Westminster Abbey by an American Bishop of the Philippines, the suggestion was a translation of a great conviction into the possibility of a noble achievement. Repeated by Bishop Brent at the General Convention of the Episcopal Church in Cincinnati three years ago, it was adopted by a unanimous rising vote; and it is significant that, when it was explained to the Convention, the greatness of the plan immediately caught the attention of Mr. J. P. Morgan, who promptly offered to furnish the necessary means for carrying it into execution. It is not in a narrow sense an Episcopal enterprise; nor is that Church doing anything more than furnishing an instrument for the organization of the movement, which it does not propose to direct or utilize in any way. It is simply putting itself at the service of the great communions of Christendom to bring about a world-wide conference.

The note of its comprehensiveness is indicated by the fact that it has "sought with impartial anxiety to enlist the co-operation of both Catholic and Protestant bodies." The National Council of Congregational Churches had already made overtures looking to reunion, and a Commission of the Disciples of Christ was appointed in 1910 to bring about Christian union; and both these bodies promptly became co-operating commissions. It is interesting to note that the first response to a letter addressed to each bishop of the Anglican Church throughout the world requesting the appointment of a co-operating commission came from Nippon Sei Kokwai, the Holy Catholic Church in Japan, the next from the Church of England in Australia and Tasmania, and a little later from the same Church in Canada. As the result of conferences held in Great Britain, the two English Archbishops, the Irish Archbishop, and the Primus and a number of bishops of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, have become warm supporters of the enterprise. In this country the leading Protestant communions promptly and cordially responded; and some thirty committees have already been appointed, representing the Congregational, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Moravian, and Reformed Churches in their various divisions, thirty in all. The Russian Archbishop in New York and Cardinals Gibbons and Farley of the Roman Catholic Church have expressed friendly interest, and many prominent Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in all parts of the world have expressed a similar interest, believing that only good can come from a clear statement of the positions of Christians and the effort to promote the spirit in which such a conference can be held. It will be readily seen from this brief résumé that the movement has a comprehensiveness new in the history of efforts to

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bring Christians together. It is the more significant because it includes so many men of the most conservative temper.

At an informal conference held in New York in May the different commissions were largely represented, and the spirit manifested was one of deep religious feeling: "The spirit in this meeting was the spirit of Him who was able to make men of one mind in an house." A deputation was appointed to confer with the non-Anglican communions in Great Britain, and the Rev. Drs. Newman Smyth, John Henry Jowett, William H. Roberts, Peter Ainslie, Tissington Tatlow, and Bishop John W. Hamilton of the Methodist Church were appointed to confer with and to secure the co-operation of these churches. The character and standing of the members of this deputation indicate the seriousness with which this movement is being taken. A series of resolutions adopted define the purpose of the World Conference which is ultimately to be held. It is to be a meeting of men of the Christian churches to consider the points of difference and agreement, not to propose any particular scheme of unity. The time and place and the qualifications of membership of the World Conference will be arranged later.

In commenting upon the difficulties in the way of the commission's work, three are specially enumerated: indifference, impatience, and suspicion. But the report notes that "a new Christian cosmopolitanism has arisen," accompanied no doubt by the exploiting of many destructive vagaries, but certainly affording conditions which must facilitate the victory of truth. The work of the Conference will be, not to force the movement nor to formulate schemes for reunion, but to develop mutual friendliness and understanding. That the time is ripe, the report declares, is indicated by the widespread and increasing interest in Christian unity in all parts of the world. The Edinburgh Conference and the conferences held under the direction of Dr. Mott in Asia are not only full of promise but are in themselves positive achievements in this direction.

The most hopeful element in this movement, which has assumed such large proportions that it may be called without exaggeration a world movement, is the devoutly religious spirit in which it is undertaken. Great emphasis is laid upon preparation for the work by prayer. It is urged that Christians gather in small groups all over the world, "giving themselves to fervent prayer and earnest effort for a better understanding of each other and for guidance into the fullest truth." The report says: "Nothing will come as the result of negotiations between committees, however learned and saintly these may be;" and it reproduces the words of the late Father Doyle, of the Paulist Fathers:

> In order to secure a Reunion of the Churches the more quickly, it is necessary as a first step to come together more frequently, to unite oftener for some common purpose, to establish a community of interests in some way or other, for most of our animosities and misunderstandings come from not knowing each other well enough or not having a proper appreciation of each other's motives. It is necessary to build the bridge over the streams of prejudice, ignorance, and error that run between the various bodies of our common Christianity.

Many communions are already working together. In many mission fields there is practical Christian unity, so far as division of territory and co-operation in work are concerned. In this country a very notable success has attended the Federal Council of Churches, an organization in which are united some thirty denominations for common work in such fields as home missions, foreign missions, and social service.

The reunion of Christendom will not come in a generation. No one knows what form it will take when it does come; but one thing is clear, it can come only through union in the spirit. The increasing study of the personality and teachings of Christ have long been bringing Christian people nearer to one another; and every movement which looks towards this consummation ought to have the generous support of Christian people, by whatever name they call themselves. The forces of evil are organized like phalanxes; the forces of good, in the triumph of which alone lies the safety of the modern world, ought also to be organized; and the World Conference on Faith and Order, by its very comprehensiveness and the spirituality which has inspired it, ought greatly to strengthen the faith and inspire the energies of those who work for this fellowship of believers. Under some form, in some way, the followers of Christ must stand together in the great work of bringing the world to a knowledge of him.

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THE UNDERWOOD TARIFF

AMERICAN TARIFF LAWS

THE passage of the Democratic Tariff Bill by Congress supplies an occasion for reviewing briefly the history of the tariff in this country, and for seeing what place in that tariff history the new law occupies.

The word tariff comes from the Spanish town of Tarifa, on the Straits of Gibraltar. During the rule of the Moors merchants and others had to pay something for the privilege of bringing goods into Spain.

The example was widely followed. Great Britain, for instance, allowed her American colonies to impose customs duties so as to get enough money to carry on their governments. After 1776 the American States levied customs duties against each other.

At first these duties were for governmental revenue only. Little by little they came to be levied also for incidental protection to struggling industries.

When the States became politically a Nation, they also became commercially a Nation; hence in 1787 the Federal Constitution declared that the Federal Congress had "power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises," and "to regulate commerce with foreign nations."

Two years later came our first tariff act. Its main object was to get governmental revenue. Two years later than this appeared Alexander Hamilton's famous "Report of Manufactures," a remarkably elaborate and suggestive argument for protection to our manufacturers from foreign competition. Despite Hamilton's eloquence, up to the year 1816 the motive of most suggested legislation seemed to be the adjustment of governmental revenue to the needs of the Treasury. But with the Calhoun Tariff of 1816 the country entered squarely on a protective system. More protectionist still was the Clay Tariff of 1824 and the so-called "Tariff of Abominations" of 1828. Then followed the up-and-down motion which has since continued. The Tariff of 1832 lowered duties considerably. The Whig Tariff of 1842 raised them. The Walker Tariff of 1846 lowered them, and the tariff of 1857 lowered them still further. The Morrill Tariff of 1861 raised them, and various special laws passed by Congress during the Civil War still further raised certain items. After the war the problem was: How to stimulate, but not to over-stimulate, the industrial development.

It has been over-stimulated, or, rather, manufactures in many cases have been stimulated at the expense of the rest of the country, and certain industries have enjoyed special and unearned privilege. The tariff of 1883 with its lower rates, and the Mills Bill of 1888, looking toward freer trade, actually gave a narrow victory to the ultra-protectionist Republicans in the Presidential election of that year. The result was the high McKinley Tariff of 1890. It brought about a reaction, as shown by the lower Wilson-Gorman Tariff of 1894. This in turn brought about a counter-reaction, as shown in the Dingley Tariff of 1897; its duties were the highest ever known in this country. Then came the somewhat more moderate Payne-Aldrich Law of 1909, which disappointed those who looked for a much more moderate tariff, but which contained several beneficial features, such as the establishment of the Tariff Board and the levying of a corporation tax. Now comes the really much more moderate Underwood Bill of 1913.

Like some of the other tariff bills, this latest measure takes its name from the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in the House of Representatives, where all financial bills must originate.

PRESENT-DAY CONDITIONS

Certain recent tariff bills, Democratic and Republican, have been disappointing because they have not carried out party pledges made at the Presidential nominating conventions. It is claimed that the Underwood Bill does carry out the party pledge of the Democratic Convention last year. The Democratic party pledged itself to use the tariff as a measure of dealing with the evils of trusts and commercial conspiracies to kill monopoly and of lowering the cost of living.

Like the Payne Bill of 1909, the Underwood Bill of 1913 was confronted by certain conditions which did not confront Alexander Hamilton when he wrote his great essay on Protection. These conditions as interpreted by the Democrats are:

(1) Many protected enterprises have out-

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grown the hot-house stage, and no longer fear foreign competition. Why, then, should they be further taxed?

(2) Some protected enterprises—a necessity of life like sugar, for instance—show a doubtful capacity to expand enough to satisfy the country's full need. Why should the whole people be taxed longer to sustain such an industry?

(3) Some protected enterprises steadily tend towards monopoly. Why should their foreign competitors be taxed at all?

(4) Thus business unduly depends on politics and politics on business. They must be separated.

(5) Over-protection has exploited the laboring classes of the world. They have unjustly suffered.

(6) Over-protection has made the rich richer and the poor poorer.

(7) Any increase in the wealth of capitalists by reason of over-protection has been more than offset by the increase in the cost of living, and in this increase a high tariff has been one factor.

PRINCIPLES OF THE UNDERWOOD BILL

With these things in mind, the following principles animated the framers of the Underwood Bill:

(1) In justice to the consumer, kill the alleged monopoly features of the present tariff and bring relief in the present high cost of living.

(2) Make luxuries, and not necessities, bear the burden of taxation.

(3) Let no really independent industry enjoy the protection of any duty; but,

(4) Revise the tariff so as to injure no legitimate industry; and

(5) Revise the tariff, as President Wilson says, on the basis of legitimate competition.

(6) Revise so that the American wage scale may not be reduced by foreign competition.

(7) Put on the free list any article sold more cheaply abroad; and, finally,

(8) Proceed, as the President advises, like men who know what they are about, and not like those in love with a mere theory.

The energetic application of the first of these principles—that of the cost of living—resulted in some lessening of the pressure of the claims from particular industries and sections, and apparently in a correspondingly large recognition of consumers' rights. Hence duties were greatly reduced, and the free list includes, among other commodities, such additions as:

Corn	Iron ore
Wheat	Nails
Rye	Hoop iron
Flour	Farm implements
Fish	Wire fencing
Meat	Steel ingots
Milk	Steel rails
Eggs	Sewing-machines
Swine	Typewriters
Potatoes	Wood pulp
Sugar	Printing paper
Wool	Gunpowder
Lumber	Sulphur
Bituminous coal	Burlap
Salt	Cotton bagging
Leather	Hemp
Boots and shoes	Asphalt

THE BILL'S PASSAGE

Despite the fact that the Democratic platform of last year denounced protection as unconstitutional, the Underwood Tariff does contain enough protection to please many protectionists, and though the Democratic party is often called the Free Trade party as opposed to the Republican, the party of Protection, few Democrats, it is believed, are simon-pure free-traders. The Underwood Bill, therefore, failed of being really in exact accord with Democratic pledges, because it was essentially a compromise; but it brought about an unexpected Democratic union; its long free list gratified the radicals and its protective features gratified the others.

But the methods used to frame the Underwood Bill were disappointing to those who have been working and hoping for two reforms. One was the establishment of a permanent non-partisan Tariff Commission; and the other, a tariff revision schedule by schedule, and no longer an omnibus measure which would inevitably lead to the pitting of one private advantage against another private advantage to the detriment of the public. The two reforms had achieved a distinct measure of practical success. A Tariff Board had actually been at work under a Republican administration, but the Democrats legislated the Board out of office. As to the principle of schedule by schedule, the Democrats themselves had accepted it last year and had passed four separate bills which covered the Cotton, Wool, Metals, and

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Free List schedule. While we may regret that the Democrats were not progressive enough to repeat that method this year, we may also be sure that the framing of the separate bills last year favorably influenced a more intelligent framing of this year's legislation, and that the Tariff Board's labors afforded a similar illumination in the apparent relapse into old-fashioned and outgrown methods, under which many industries and sections indulge in log-rolling in their effort for individual and local benefit.

In the making of the tariff bills, the House of Representatives generally "slashes" rates and the Senate readjusts them to a higher average. But the Underwood Bill established a new precedent. The Senate actually lowered the average rate of duty carried by the bill below that fixed by the House. The final average was thus described by Mr. Underwood last week:

> The bill as it is now presented to the House will, in my judgment, reach an average in duties of a little over 26 per cent, almost as low as the famous Walker Bill, that had low taxes on liquor and tobacco, and the tax on those products raises the average of this bill very much.
>
> So, for all intents and purposes, this bill has, on the average, lower taxation than any bill that had been presented in three-quarters of a century. The Wilson Bill carried an average rate of 39.45 per cent, the Payne Bill an average of 40.12 per cent.

WHAT WILL BE THE EFFECT?

Will these items, admitted free, and other items on which the duties have been reduced, lower the cost of living? That is the question. They ought to do so, one would think.

How does the farmer fare, for instance? If the free-listing of wheat, wool, and sugar may cause him some loss, the free-listing of flour and lumber may very likely mean a corresponding gain.

Will the cost of living to the consumer in general be lowered? One newspaper affirms that sugar will be two cents a pound cheaper at the grocer's, but a sugar refiner says that the removal of duty will not necessarily reduce the price of sugar to the consumer; it will simply enable the refiner to lower it if he chooses to do so. This is certainly a distinction with a difference. Moreover, it will reduce, it is claimed, the area of production of raw sugar, and thus tend to restrict the supply. The ruin of the sugar industry in Hawaii, Porto Rico, and Louisiana may not be counterbalanced by a corresponding benefit. The same rule may hold good with regard to wool. Australia and South America may take advantage of the opportunity to advance the price of their product, and as long as our woolen manufacturers still enjoy protection from foreign competition the Underwood Tariff's alleged dollar or two of saving to the average citizen may largely vanish. We shall see.

But even if there is no saving in the actual cost of living, there may be an improvement in the quality of commodities due to the new tariff. We may be able henceforth, at the same price, to buy real woolen goods and not shoddy.

Anyway, wool, the keystone of the ultra-protective arch, has been removed, and that is a gain.

THE INCOME TAX

The customs taxes for the year 1915 are expected, according to Mr. Underwood, to produce $249,000,000. But even if they do bring in as much as this optimist believes, the amount will be very many millions short of the amount raised by the Payne Bill during the past fiscal year. Fifty-odd millions of this deficit is represented by the surrender of the tax on sugar; much of the rest by the tax on wool. How is this deficit to be made up? By the income tax referred to by Mr. Underwood—a tax on the incomes exceeding $3,000 of bachelors and exceeding $4,000 of married men. It is expected to produce $82,000,000. In the form submitted this tax is largely a tax on industry rather than on property, as it should have been. It is also denounced as class legislation, and the methods proposed for its collection have been severely criticised.

THE ULTIMATE ANALYSIS

By the country at large this new tariff will be judged in relation to its effect upon the consumer. And it is right that it should be so judged. In their platform the Democrats took issue with the view that the high cost of living was not due to the protective tariff, and declared that "excessive prices result in large measure from the high tariff laws." That there has been an over-emphasis upon the tariff as a factor in securing social justice and a fairer distribution of wealth we are convinced. It has been over-emphasized by the high protectionist Republicans in their affirmation that the high duties of the American tariff law have brought general prosperity; and by the tariff-for-revenue Democrats in

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their affirmation that lowering the rates of duty would bring about general prosperity. There is little, if anything, in the Underwood Tariff Law which shows that the Democratic party wishes to put into practice its theory that "the Federal Government, under the Constitution, has no right or power to impose or collect tariff duties except for the purpose of revenue." The Democratic party has, however, done what the Republican party promised and failed to do—it has materially revised the tariff downward. In that respect the Democratic tariff is a better piece of work than the last tariff of the Republicans.

In method of tariff revision the Democrats have made no advance. They have framed this tariff in secret caucus. They have declined to revise the tariff schedule by schedule, which is the only method by which the evils of log-rolling, of playing one interest against another, of bargaining for favors, can be avoided. They have declined to adopt the principle of tariff revision by means of a non-partisan commission, the only way by which the tariff can be put upon anything like a scientific basis. We hope that this bill will be the last instance of the traditional but hurtful methods of tariff revision in this country; that through its failure on the one hand to fulfill the promises of the Democrats, and on the other hand to realize the fears of the Republicans, it will help to show to the country that the tariff is only one of the factors affecting social justice; and that it will leave the country sufficiently free from business disturbance so that the people may direct their thoughts to those problems of more vital interest and concern relating to larger political freedom and a larger measure of industrial democracy.

THE SPHINX AT SUNSET

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

O Night, the Glorious!
Lit by the marching stars in the far deeps,
Infinite, peaceful, joyous, and sublime!
Thine are the moonlit snows on mighty peaks,
Thine the far sails upon the starlit seas,
Thine is the perfumed hush of tropic dusk,
Thine are the vows of lovers and their joys,
Thine are the prayers and vigils of the saints,
Thine are the firelit, happy household hours,
Thine is the rest that breathes its balm to all.

O Night, the Cruel!
Hiding a poisoned dagger in thy cloak,
Implacable, secret, black, and treacherous!
Thine are the wrecks upon the midnight deep,
Thine is the death of Arctic solitudes,
Thine are betrayals of the innocent,
Thine is the creeping tread of pestilence,
Thine are the beasts that raven from their lair,
Thine are the hopeless, wakeful hours of grief,
Thine are the sins and agonies of men.

O Night! with face turned silent toward the sunrise,
How shall man question thee?

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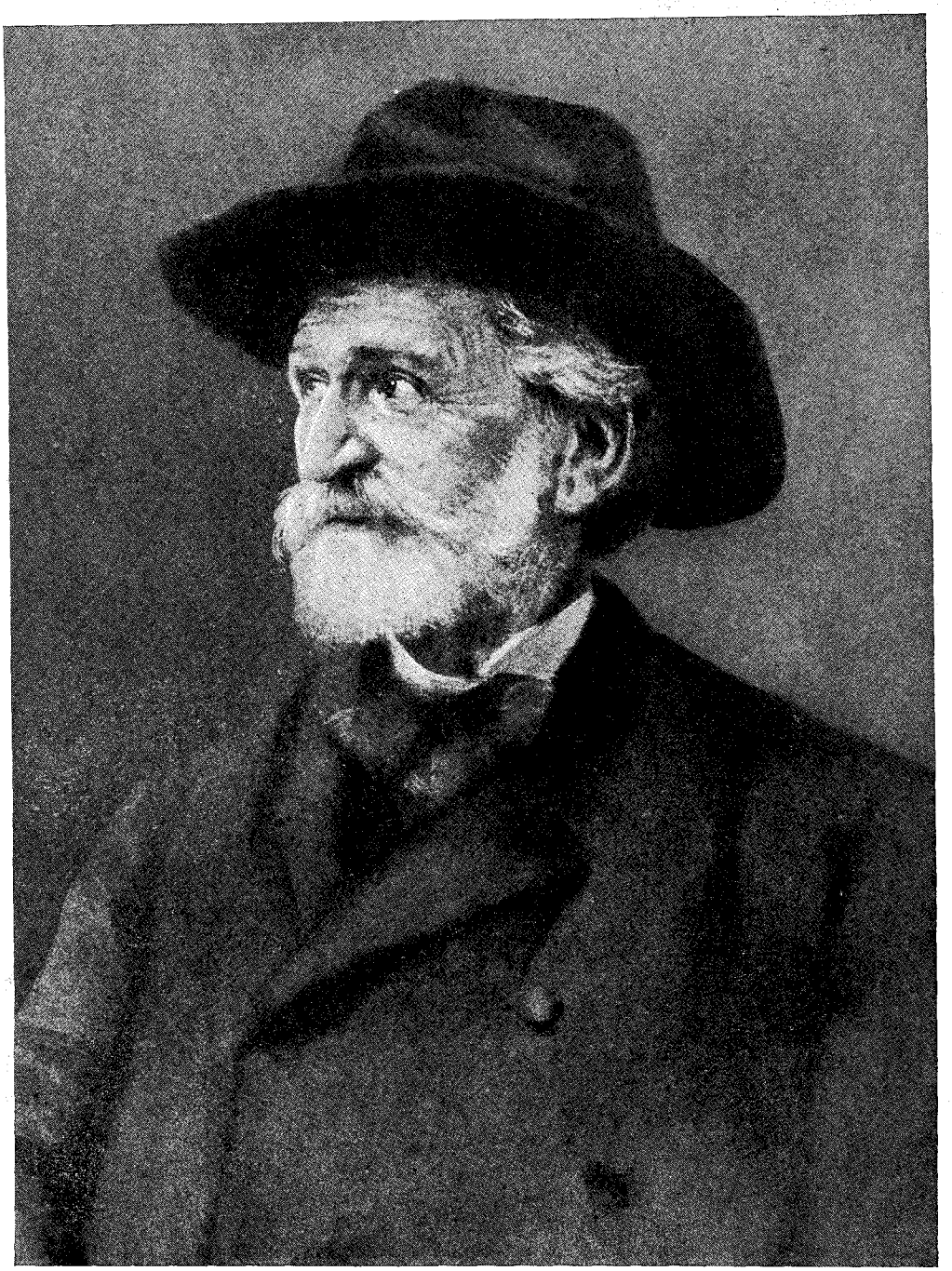
Current Events Pictorially Treated

See editorial pages for comment on this feature



FROM ILLUSTRIRTE ZEITUNG

GIUSEPPE VERDI, BORN OCTOBER 10, 1813

AFTER A PAINTING BY FR. H. RUMPF

THE VERDI CENTENARY

For a review of Verdi's career and influence as a composer see editorial pages

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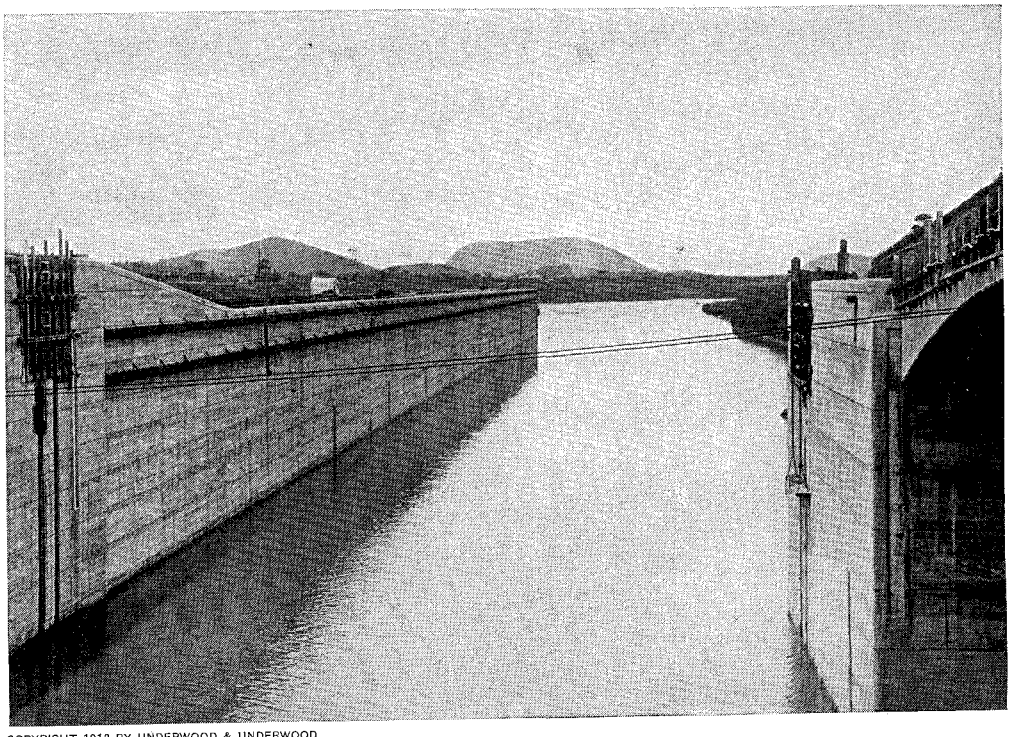

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A GREAT EXPLOSION AND ITS RESULT

The waters of the Pacific were admitted to the Miraflores locks (below) after the separating dike had been blown up by dynamite (above)

The Spectator on another page describes a visit to the Panama Canal

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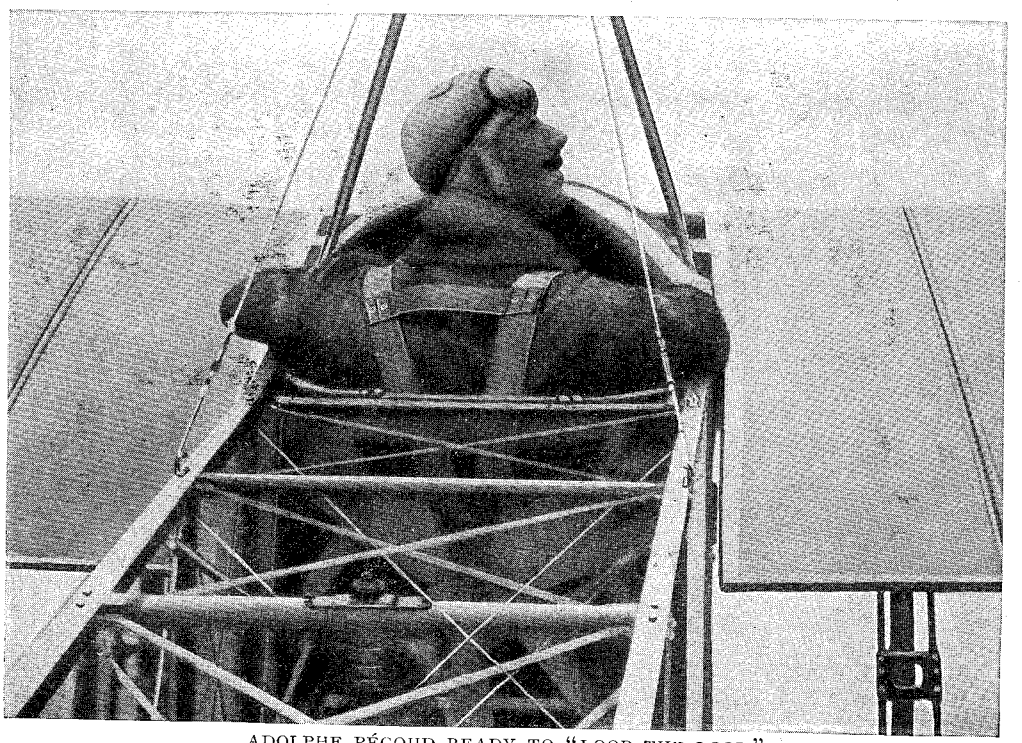
ROLAND G. GARROS

One of the most notable feats in aviation was his recent flight across the Mediterranean Sea from Frejus, in France, to Bizerta, near Tunis, Africa, a distance of 558 miles



ADOLPHE PÉGOUD READY TO "LOOP THE LOOP"

In acrobatic feats in the air Pégoud has excelled all competitors. He flies upside down and "loops the loop," and his feats show unsuspected factors of stability for the aeroplane. See editorial comment elsewhere

TWO DARING AVIATORS

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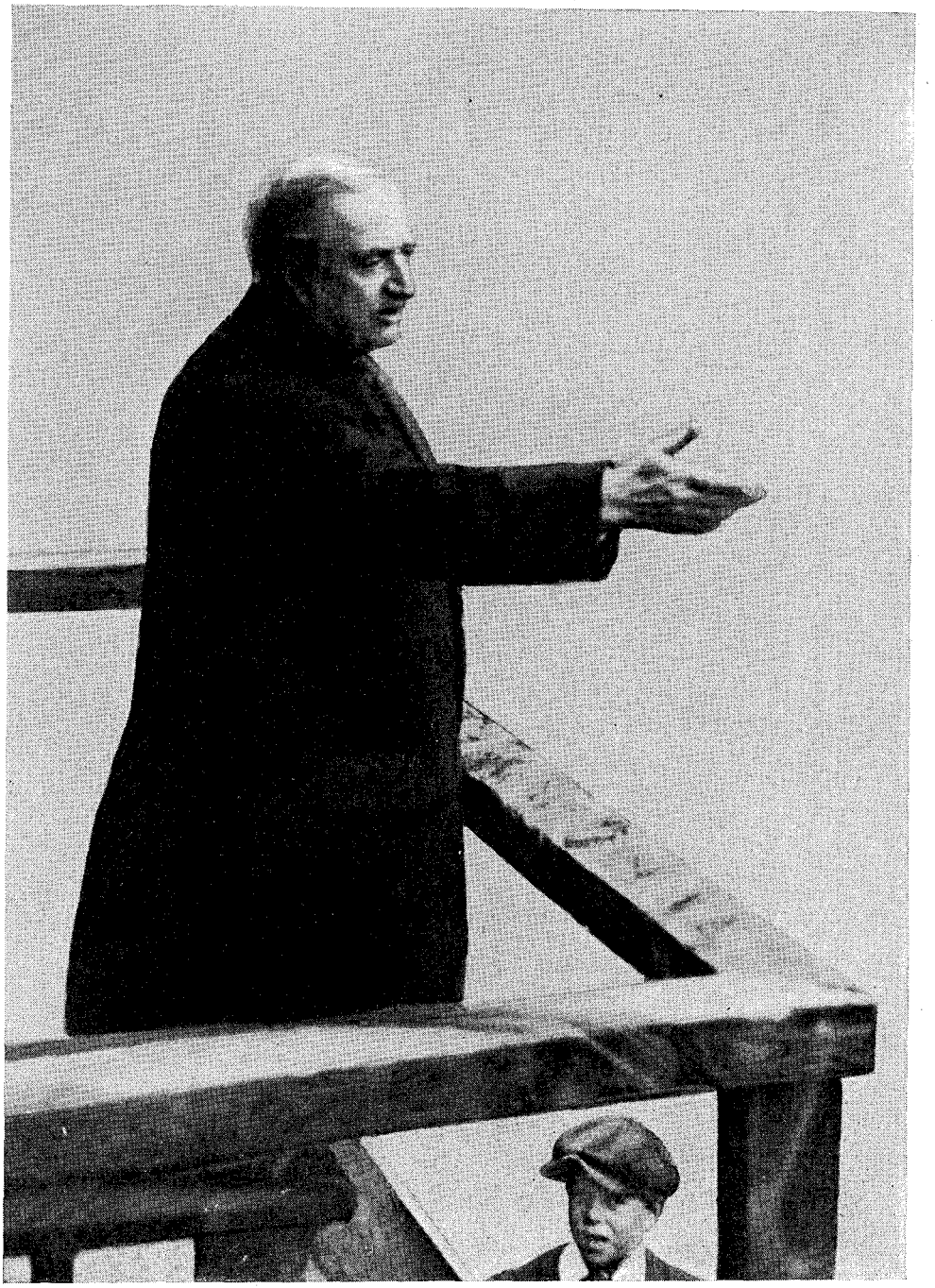

PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

JOHN E. REDMOND, THE NATIONALIST LEADER, SPEAKING FOR HOME RULE

THE WAR OF WORDS IN IRELAND—

See the article on "The Conflict in Ulster" by Frank H. Potter,

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PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

SIR RICHARD CARSON, THE UNIONIST LEADER, URGING ULSTERMEN TO FIGHT

WILL THERE BE ANYTHING WORSE?

and editorial comment on the Irish situation, elsewhere in this issue

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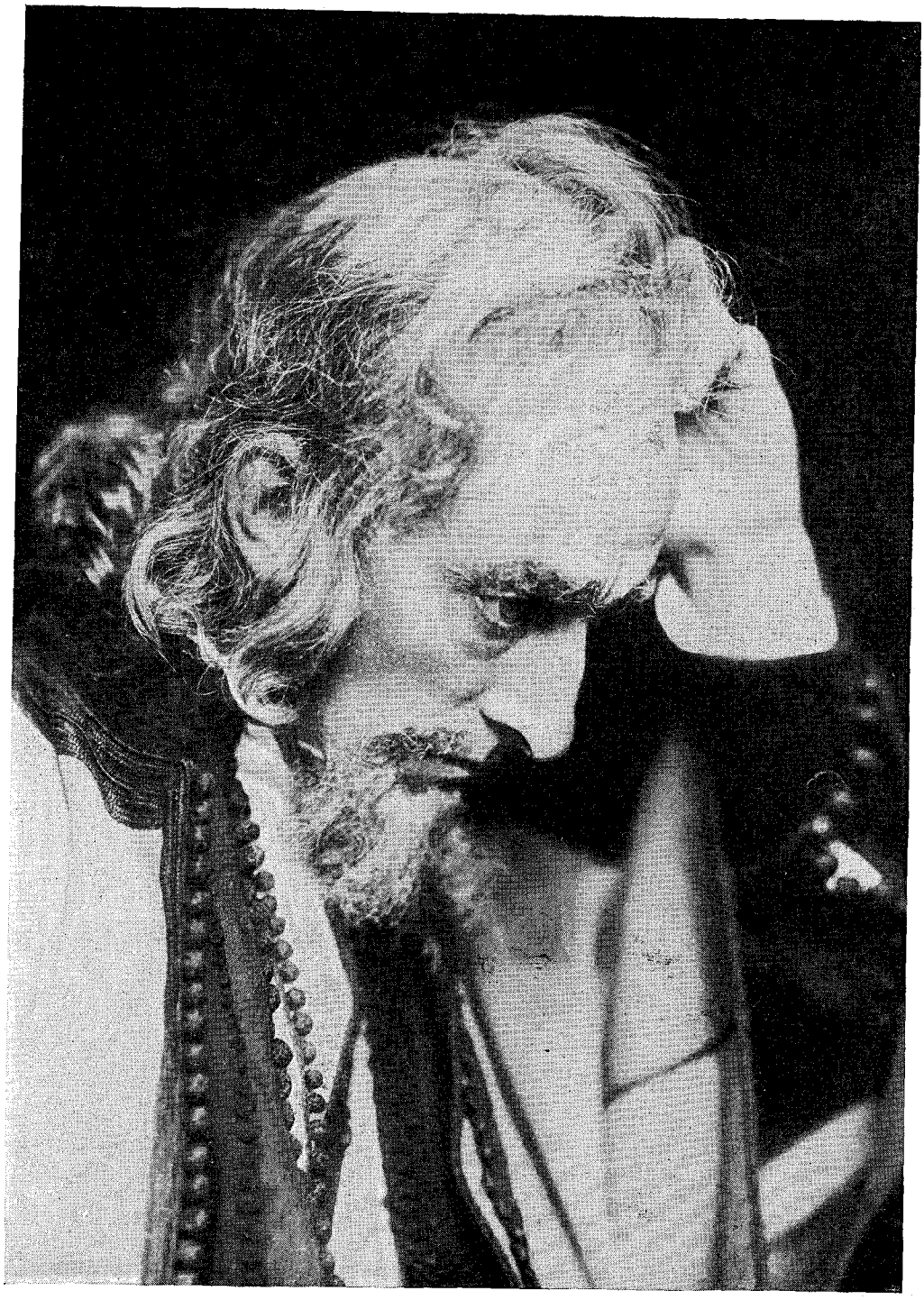

SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON AS SHYLOCK

The celebrated English actor is now in America on a farewell tour. See editorial pages

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FROM JUGEND (MUNICH)

THE HAPPY POSSESSOR

The Turk sits in Adrianople, and naturally reconsecrates the mosques there. He has already invited the Powers to this Moslem consecration. [The inscription on the door announces, *No Admission*.]

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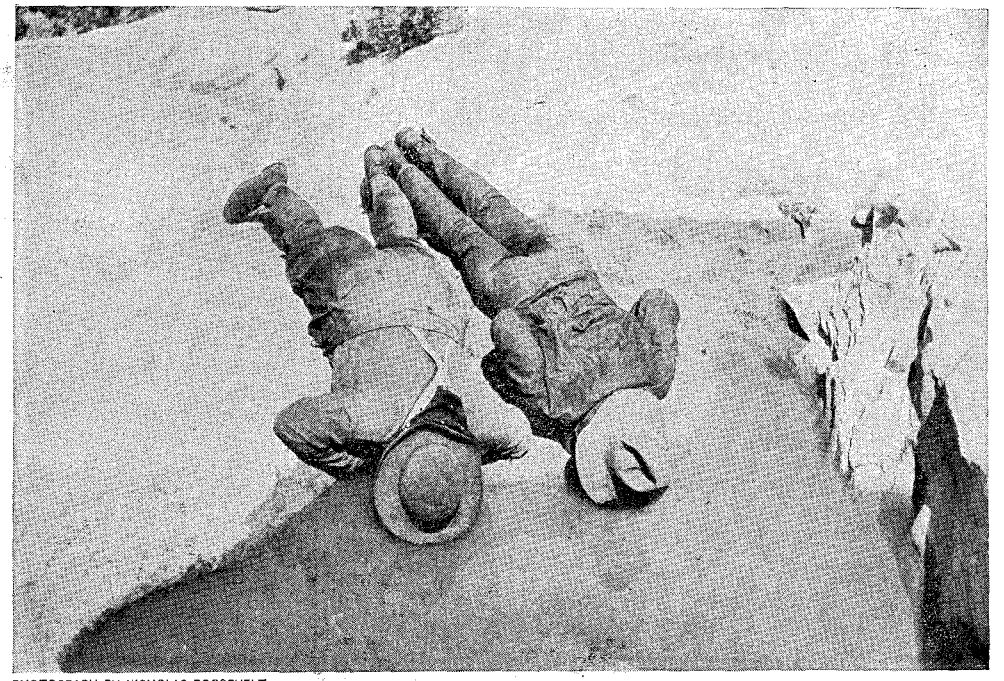

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

COLONEL ROOSEVELT AND A COMPANION DRINKING AT A WATER-HOLE IN THE DESERT

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

THE GREATEST NATURAL BRIDGE IN THE WORLD

THE ROOSEVELT PARTY IN ARIZONA

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ACROSS THE NAVAJO DESERT

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

This is the second of three articles by Mr. Roosevelt about his Arizona experiences last summer. It will be followed in the next issue of The Outlook by an article entitled "The Hopi Snake Dance." Two pictures illustrating the present article will be found on the preceding page.—THE EDITORS.

WE dropped down from Buckskin Mountain, from the land of the pine and spruce and of cold, clear springs, into the grim desolation of the desert. We drove the pack-animals and loose horses, usually one of us taking the lead to keep the trail. Mr. Mansfield, of the Bar Z, had lent us two horses for our trip, in true cattleman's spirit; Mr. Cafell, another Bar Z man, who with his wife lived at Lee's Ferry, showed us every hospitality, and gave us fruit from his gardens and chickens; and two of the Bar Z riders helped shoe one of our horses. It was a land of wide spaces and few people, but those few we met were so friendly and helpful that we shall not soon forget them.

At noon of the first day we had come down the mountain side, from the tall northern forest trees at the summit, through the scattered, sprawling pinyon and cedars of the side slopes, to the barren, treeless plain of sand and sage-brush and greasewood. At the foot of the mountain we stopped for a few minutes at an outlying cow-ranch. There was not a tree, not a bush more than knee high, on the whole plain round about. The bare little ranch-house, of stone and timber, lay in the full glare of the sun; through the open door we saw the cluttered cooking utensils and the rolls of untidy bedding. The foreman, rough and kindly, greeted us from the door; spare and lean, his eyes bloodshot and his face like roughened oak from the pitiless sun, wind, and sand of the desert. After we had dismounted, our shabby ponies moped at the hitching-post as we stood talking. In the big corral a mob of half-broken horses were gathered, and two dust-grimed, hard-faced cow-punchers, lithe as panthers, were engaged in breaking a couple of wild ones. All around, dotted with stunted sage-brush and greasewood, the desert stretched, blinding white in the sunlight; across its surface the dust-clouds moved in pillars, and in the distance the heat-waves danced and wavered.

During the afternoon we shogged steadily across the plain. At one place, far off to one side, we saw a band of buffalo, and between them and us a herd of wild donkeys. Otherwise the only living things were snakes and lizards. On the other side of the plain, two or three miles from a high wall of vermilion cliffs, we stopped for the night at a little stone rest-house, built as a station by a cow outfit. Here there were big corrals, and a pool of water piped down by the cowmen from a spring many miles distant. On the sand grew the usual desert plants, and on some of the ridges a sparse growth of grass, sufficient for the night feed of the hardy horses. The little stone house and the corrals stood out, bare and desolate, on the empty plain. Soon after we reached there a sand-storm rose and blew so violently that we took refuge inside the house. Then the wind died down; and as the sun sank towards the horizon we sauntered off through the hot, still evening. There were many sidewinder rattlesnakes. We killed several of the gray, flat-headed, venomous things; as we slept on the ground, we were glad to kill as many as possible. Except this baleful life there was little save the sand and the harsh, scanty vegetation. Across the lonely wastes the sun went down. The sharply channeled cliffs turned crimson in the dying light; all the heavens flamed ruby red, and faded to a hundred dim hues of opal, beryl and amber, pale turquoise and delicate emerald; and then night fell and darkness shrouded the desert.

Next morning the horse-wranglers were off before dawn to bring in the saddle and pack animals; the sun rose in burning glory, and through the breathless heat we drove the pack-train before us towards the crossing of the Colorado. Hour after hour we plodded ahead. The cliff line bent back at an angle, and we followed into the valley of the Colorado. The trail edged in towards the high cliffs as they gradually drew towards the river. At last it followed along the base

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of the frowning rock masses. On our right lay the valley of the Colorado; on the opposite side the broad river valley was hemmed in by another line of cliffs, at whose foot we were to travel for two days after crossing the river.

The landscape had become one of incredible wildness, of tremendous and desolate majesty. No one could paint or describe it save one of the great masters of imaginative art or literature—a Turner or Browning or Poe. The sullen rock walls towered hundreds of feet aloft, with something about their grim savagery that suggested both the terrible and the grotesque. All life was absent, both from them and from the fantastic barrenness of the boulder-strewn land at their bases. The ground was burned out or washed bare. In one place a little stream trickled forth at the bottom of a ravine, but even here no grass grew—only little clusters of a coarse weed with flaring white flowers that looked as if it throve on poisoned soil. In the still heat "we saw the silences move by and beckon." The cliffs were channeled into myriad forms—battlements, spires, pillars, buttressed towers, flying arches; they looked like the ruined castles and temples of the monstrous devil-deities of some vanished race. All were ruins—ruins vaster than those of any structures ever reared by the hands of men—as if some magic city, built by warlocks and sorcerers, had been wrecked by the wrath of the elder gods. Evil dwelt in the silent places; from battlement to lonely battlement fiends' voices might have raved; in the utter desolation of each empty valley the squat blind tower might have stood, and giants lolled at length to see the death of a soul at bay.

As the afternoon wore on, storm boded in the south. The day grew somber; to the desolation of the blinding light succeeded the desolation of utter gloom. The echoes of the thunder rolled among the crags, and lightning jagged the darkness. The heavens burst, and the downpour drove in our faces; then through cloud rifts the sun's beams shone again and we looked on "the shining race of rain whose hair a great wind scattereth."

At Lee's Ferry, once the home of the dark leader of the Danites, the cliffs, a medley of bold colors and striking forms, come close to the river's brink on either side; but at this one point there is a break in the canyon walls and a ferry can be run. A stream flows into the river from the north. By it there is a house, and the miracle of water has done its work. Under irrigation, there are fields of corn and alfalfa, groves of fruit trees, and gardens; a splash of fresh, cool green in the harsh waste.

South of the ferry we found two mule-wagons, sent for us by Mr. Hubbell, of Ganado, to whose thoughtful kindness we owed much. One was driven by a Mexican, Francisco Marquez; the other, the smaller one, by a Navajo Indian, Loko, who acted as cook; both were capital men, and we lived in much comfort while with them. A Navajo policeman accompanied us as guide, for we were now in a great Navajo reservation. A Navajo brought us a sheep for sale; and we held a feast. For two days we drove southward through the desert country at the foot of a range of red cliffs. In places the sand was heavy; in others the ground was hard, and the teams made good progress.

There were little water-holes, usually more or less alkaline, ten or fifteen miles apart. At these the Navajos were watering their big flocks of sheep and goats, their horses and donkeys, and their few cattle. They are very interesting Indians. They live scattered out, each family by itself, or two or three families together; not in villages, like their neighbors the Hopis. They are pastoral Indians, but they are agriculturists also, as far as the desert permits. Here and there, where there was a little seepage of water, we saw their meager fields of corn, beans, squashes, and melons. All were mounted; the men usually on horses, the women and children often on donkeys. They were clad in white man's garb; at least the men wore shirts and trousers and the women bodices and skirts; but the shirts were often green or red or saffron or bright blue; their long hair was knotted at the back of the head, and they usually wore moccasins. The well-to-do carried much jewelry of their own make. They wore earrings and necklaces of turquoise; turquoises were set in their many silver ornaments; and they wore buttons and bangles of silver, for they are cunning silversmiths, as well as weavers of the famous Navajo blankets. Although they practice polygamy, and divorce is easy, their women are usually well treated; and we saw evidences of courtesy and consideration not too common even among civilized people. At one halt a woman on a donkey, with a little boy behind her, rode up to the wagon. We gave her and the boy food. Later when a Navajo man came

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up, she quietly handed him a couple of delicacies. So far there was nothing of note; but the man equally quietly and with a slight smile of evident gratitude and appreciation stretched out his hand; and for a moment they stood with clasped hands, both pleased, one with the courtesy, and the other with the way the courtesy had been received. Both were tattered beings on donkeys; but it made a pleasant picture.

These are as a whole good Indians—although some are very bad, and should be handled rigorously. Most of them work hard, and wring a reluctant living from the desert; often their houses are miles from water, and they use it sparingly. They live on a reservation in which many acres are necessary to support life; I do not believe that at present they ought to be allotted land in severalty, and their whole reservation should be kept for them, if only they can be brought forward fast enough in stock-raising and agriculture to use it; for with Indians and white men alike it is use which should determine occupancy of the soil. The Navajos have made progress of a real type, and stand far above mere savagery; and everything possible should be done to help them help themselves, to teach them English, and, above all, to teach them how to be better stock-raisers and food-growers—as well as smiths and weavers—in their desert home. The whites have treated these Indians well. They benefited by the coming of the Spaniards; they have benefited more by the coming of our own people. For the last quarter of a century the lawless individuals among them have done much more wrong (including murder) to the whites than has been done to them by lawless whites. The lawless Indians are the worst menace to the others among the Navajos and Utes; and very serious harm has been done by well-meaning Eastern philanthropists who have encouraged and protected these criminals. I have known some startling cases of this kind.

During the second day of our southward journey the Painted Desert, in gaudy desolation, lay far to our right; and we crossed tongues and patches of the queer formation, with its hard, bright colors. Red and purple, green and bluish, orange and gray and umber brown, the streaked and splashed clays and marls had been carved by wind and weather into a thousand outlandish forms. Funnel-shaped sand-storms moved across the waste. We climbed gradually upwards to the top of the mesa. The yellow sand grew heavier and deeper. There were occasional short streams from springs; but they ran in deep gullies, with nothing to tell of their presence; never a tree near by and hardly a bush or a tuft of grass, unless planted and tended by man. We passed the stone walls of an abandoned trading-post. The desert had claimed its own. The ruins lay close to a low range of cliffs; the white sand, dazzling under the sun, had drifted everywhere; there was not a plant, not a green thing in sight—nothing but the parched and burning lifelessness of rock and sand. This northern Arizona desert was less attractive than the southern desert along the road to the Roosevelt Dam and near Mesa, for instance; for in the south the cactus growth is infinitely varied in size and in fantastic shape.

In the late afternoon we reached Tuba, with its Indian school and its trader's store. Tuba was once a Mormon settlement, the Mormons having been invited thither by the people of a near-by Hopi village—which we visited—because the Hopis wished protection from hostile Indian foes. As usual, the Mormon settlers had planted and cared for many trees—cottonwoods, poplars, almond trees, and flowering acacias—and the green shade was doubly attractive in that sandy desert. We were most hospitably received, especially by Mr. Sullivan, the school superintendent, and Mrs. Sullivan; and also by the trader, Mr. Preston, and by Mrs. Preston. They showed us every courtesy. Mentioning the abandoned trading-post in the desert to Mrs. Preston, she told us that it was there she had gone as a bride. The women have brave souls who live in the outposts of civilization!

We rested the horses for a day, and then started northward, towards the trading station of John Wetherill, near Navajo Mountain and the Natural Bridge. The first day travel was through heavy sand and very tiring to the teams. Late in the afternoon we came to an outlying trader's store, on a sandy hillside. In the plain below, where not a blade of grass grew, were two or three permanent pools; and towards these the flocks of the Navajos were hurrying, from every quarter, with their herdsmen. The sight was curiously suggestive of the sights I so often saw in Africa, when the Masai and Samburu herdsmen brought their flocks to water. On we went, not halting until nine in the evening.

All next day we traveled through a parched,

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monotonous landscape, meeting Navajos now and then with their flocks and herds, and passing by an occasional Navajo "hogan," or hovel-like house, with its rough corral near by. Towards evening we struck into Marsh Pass, and camped at the summit. Here we were again among the mountains; and the great gorge was wonderfully picturesque—well worth a visit from any landscape lover were there not so many sights still more wonderful in the immediate neighborhood. The lower rock masses were orange-hued, and above them rose red battlements of cliff; where the former broke into sheer sides there were old houses of the cliff-dwellers, carved in the living rock. The half-moon hung high overhead; the scene was wild and lovely, when we strolled away from the camp-fire among the scattered cedars and pinyons through the cool, still night.

Next morning we journeyed on, and in the forenoon we reached Kayentay, where John Wetherill, the guide and Indian trader, lives. We had been traveling over a bare table-land, through surroundings utterly desolate; and with startling suddenness, as we dropped over the edge, we came on the group of houses—the store of Messrs. Wetherill & Colville, the delightfully attractive house of Mr. and Mrs. Wetherill, and several other buildings. Our new friends were the kindest and most hospitable of hosts, and their house was a delight to every sense: clean, comfortable, with its bath and running water, its rugs and books, its desks, cupboards, couches and chairs, and the excellent taste of its Navajo ornamentation. Here we parted with our two wagons, and again took to pack-trains; we had already grown attached to Francisco and Loko, and felt sorry to say good-by to them.

On August 10, under Mr. Wetherill's guidance, we started for the Natural Bridge, seven of us all told, with five pack-horses. We traveled light, with no tentage, and when it rained at night we curled up in our bedding under our slickers. I was treated as "the Colonel," and did nothing but look after my own horse and bedding, and usually not even this much; but every one else in the outfit worked! On the two days spent in actually getting into and out of the very difficult country around the Bridge itself we cut down our luggage still further, taking the necessary food in the most portable form, and, as regards bedding, trusting, in cowboy fashion, to our slickers and horse blankets. But we were comfortable, and the work was just hard enough to keep us in fine trim.

We began by retracing our steps to the head of Marsh Pass and turning westward up Laguna Canyon. This was so named because it contained pools of water when, half a century ago, Kit Carson, the type of all that was best among the old style mountain man and plainsman, traversed it during one of his successful Indian campaigns. The story of the American advance through the Southwest is filled with feats of heroism. Yet, taking into account the means of doing the work, even greater dangers were fronted, even more severe hardships endured, and even more striking triumphs achieved by the soldiers and priests who three centuries previously, during Spain's brief sunburst of glory, first broke through the portals of the thirst-guarded, Indian-haunted desert.

At noon we halted in a side canyon, at the foot of a mighty cliff, where there were ruins of a big village of cliff-dwellers. The cliff was of the form so common in this type of rock formation. It was not merely sheer, but re-entrant, making a huge, arched shallow cave, several hundred feet high, and at least a hundred—perhaps a hundred and fifty—feet deep, the overhang being enormous. The stone houses of the village, which in all essentials was like a Hopi village of to-day, were plastered against the wall in stories, each resting on a narrow ledge. Long poles permitted one to climb from ledge to ledge, and gave access, through the roofs, to the more inaccessible houses. The immense size of the cave—or overhanging, re-entrant cliff, whichever one chooses to call it—dwarfed the houses, so that they looked like toy houses.

There were many similar, although smaller, villages and little clusters of houses among the cliffs of this tangle of canyons. Once the cliff-dwellers had lived in numbers in this neighborhood, sleeping in their rock eyries, and venturing into the valleys only to cultivate their small patches of irrigated land. Generations had passed since these old cliff-dwellers had been killed or expelled. Compared with the neighboring Indians, they had already made a long stride in cultural advance when the Spaniards arrived; but they were shrinking back before the advance of the more savage tribes. Their history should teach the lesson—taught by all history in thousands of cases, and now being taught before our eyes by the experience of China,

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but being taught to no purpose so far as concerns those ultra peace advocates whose heads are even softer than their hearts—that the industrious race of advanced culture and peaceful ideals is lost unless it retains the power not merely for defensive but for offensive action, when itself menaced by vigorous and aggressive foes.

That night, having ridden only some twenty-five miles, we camped in Bubbling Spring Valley. It would be hard to imagine a wilder or more beautiful spot; if in the Old World, the valley would surely be celebrated in song and story; here it is one among many others, all equally unknown. We camped by the bubbling spring of pure cold water from which it derives its name. The long, winding valley was carpeted with emerald green, varied by wide bands and ribbons of lilac, where the tall ranks of bee-blossoms, haunted by humming-birds, grew thickly, often for a quarter of a mile at a stretch. The valley was walled in by towering cliffs, a few of them sloping, most of them sheer-sided or with the tops overhanging; and there were isolated rock domes and pinnacles. As everywhere round about, the rocks were of many colors, and the colors varied from hour to hour, so that the hues of sunrise differed from those of noonday, and yet again from the long lights of sunset. The cliffs seemed orange and purple; and again they seemed vermilion and umber; or in the white glare they were white and yellow and light red.

Our routine was that usual when traveling with a pack-train. By earliest dawn the men whose duties were to wrangle the horses and cook had scrambled out of their bedding; and the others soon followed suit. There is always much work with a pack outfit, and there are almost always some animals which cause trouble when being packed. The sun was well up before we started; then we traveled until sunset, taking out a couple of hours to let the hobbled horses and mules rest and feed at noon.

On the second day out we camped not far from the foot of Navajo Mountain. We came across several Indians, both Navajos and Utes, guarding their flocks and herds; and we passed by several of their flimsy branch-built summer houses, and their mud, stone, and log winter houses; and by their roughly fenced fields of corn and melons watered by irrigation ditches. Wetherill hired two Indians, a Ute and a Navajo, to go with us, chiefly to relieve us of the labor of looking after our horses at night. They were pleasant-faced, silent men. They wore broad hats, shirts and waistcoats, trousers, and red handkerchiefs loosely knotted round their necks; except for their moccasins, a feather in each hat, and two or three silver ornaments, they were dressed like cowboys, and both picturesquely and appropriately. Their ornamented saddles were of Navajo make.

The second day's march was long. At one point we dropped into and climbed out of a sheer-sided canyon some twelve hundred feet deep. The trail, which zigzagged up and down the rocky walls, had been made by the Navajos. After we had led our horses down into the canyon, and were lunching by a spring, we were followed by several Indians driving large flocks of goats and sheep. They came down the trail at a good rate, many of them riding instead of leading their horses. One rather comely squaw attracted our attention. She was riding a weedy, limber-legged brood mare, followed by a foal. The mare did not look as if it would be particularly strong even on the level; yet the well-dressed squaw, holding before her both her baby and her long sticks for blanket weaving, and with behind her another child and a small roll of things which included a black umbrella, ambled down among the broken rocks with entire unconcern, and joked cheerily with us as she passed.

The night was lovely, and the moon, nearly full, softened the dry harshness of the land, while Navajo Mountain loomed up under it. When we rose, we saw the pale dawn turn blood red; and shortly after sunrise we started for our third and final day's journey to the Bridge. For some ten miles the track was an ordinary rough mountain trail. Then we left all our pack-animals except two little mules, and began the hard part of our trip. From this point on the trail was that followed by Wetherill on his various trips to the Bridge, and it can perhaps fairly be called dangerous in two or three places, at least for horses. Wetherill has been with every party that has visited the Bridge from the time of its discovery by white men four years ago. On that occasion he was with two parties, under Mr. Douglas and Professor Cummings, their guide being the Ute who was at this time with us. Mrs. Wetherill has made an extraordinarily sympathetic study of the Navajos and to a less extent of the Utes; she knows,

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and feelingly understands, their traditions and ways of thought, and speaks their tongue fluently; and it was she who first got from the Indians full knowledge of the Bridge.

The hard trail began with a twenty minutes' crossing of a big mountain dome of bare sheet-rock. Over this we led our horses, up, down, and along the sloping sides, which fell away into cliffs that were scores and even hundreds of feet deep. One spot was rather ticklish. We led the horses down the rounded slope to where a crack or shelf six or eight inches broad appeared and went off level to the right for some fifty feet. For half a dozen feet before we dropped down to this shelf the slope was steep enough to make it difficult for both horses and men to keep their footing on the smooth rock; there was nothing whatever to hold on to, and a precipice lay underneath.

On we went, under the pitiless sun, through a contorted wilderness of scalped peaks and ranges, barren passes, and twisted valleys of sun-baked clay. We worked up and down steep hill slopes, and along tilted masses of sheet-rock ending in cliffs. At the foot of one of these lay the bleached skeleton of a horse. It was one which Wetherill had ridden on one of his trips to the Bridge. The horse lost his footing on the slippery slide rock, and went to his death over the cliff; Wetherill threw himself out of the saddle and just managed to escape. The last four miles were the worst of all for the horses. They led along the bottom of the Bridge canyon. It was covered with a torrent-strewn mass of smooth rocks, from pebbles to boulders of a ton's weight. It was a marvel that the horses got down without breaking their legs; and the poor beasts were nearly worn out.

Huge and bare the immense cliffs towered, on either hand, and in front and behind as the canyon turned right and left. They lifted straight above us for many hundreds of feet. The sunlight lingered on their tops; far below, we made our way like pygmies through the gloom of the great gorge. As we neared the Bridge the horse trail led up to one side, and along it the Indians drove the horses; we walked at the bottom of the canyon so as to see the Bridge first from below and realize its true size; for from above it is dwarfed by the immense mountain masses surrounding it.

At last we turned a corner, and the huge arch of the Bridge rose in front of us. It is surely one of the wonders of the world. It is a triumphal arch rather than a bridge, and spans the torrent bed in a majesty never shared by any arch ever reared by the mightiest conquerors among the nations of mankind. At this point there were deep pools in the rock-bed of the canyon, with overhanging shelves under which grew beautiful ferns and hanging plants. Hot and tired, we greeted the chance for a bath, and as I floated on my back in the water the Bridge towered above me. Then we made camp. We built a blazing fire under one of the giant buttresses of the arch, and the leaping flame brought it momentarily into sudden relief. We white men talked and laughed by the fire, and the two silent Indians sat by and listened to us. The night was cloudless. The round moon rose under the arch and flooded the cliffs behind us with her radiance. After she passed behind the mountains the heavens were still brilliant with starlight, and whenever I waked I turned and gazed long at the loom of the mighty arch against the clear night sky.

Next morning early we started on our toilsome return trip. The pony trail led under the arch. Along this the Ute drove our pack-mules, and as I followed him I noticed that the Navajo rode around outside. His creed bade him never pass under an arch, for the arch is the sign of the rainbow, the sign of the sun's course over the earth, and to the Navajo it is sacred. This great natural bridge, so recently "discovered" by white men, has for ages been known to the Indians. Near it, against the rock walls of the canyon, we saw the crumbling remains of some cliff dwellings, and almost under it there is what appears to be the ruin of a very ancient shrine.

We traveled steadily at a good gait, and we feasted on a sheep we bought from a band of Utes. Early on the afternoon of the sixth day of our absence we again rode our weary horses over the hill slope down to the store at Kayentay, and glad we were to see the comfortable ranch buildings again.

Many Navajos were continually visiting the store. It seems a queer thing to say, but I really believe Kayentay would be an excellent place for a summer school of archæology and ethnology. There are many old cliff dwellings, some of large size and peculiar interest, in the neighborhood; and the Navajos of this region themselves, not to mention the village-dwelling Hopis, are Indians

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who will repay the most careful study, whether of language, religion, or ordinary customs and culture. As always when I have seen Indians in their homes, in mass, I was struck by the wide cultural and intellectual difference among the different tribes, as well as among the different individuals of each tribe, and both by the great possibilities for their improvement and by the need of showing common sense even more than good intentions if this improvement is to be achieved. Some Indians can hardly be moved forward at all. Some can be moved forward both fast and far. To let them entirely alone usually means their ruin. To interfere with them foolishly, with whatever good intentions, and to try to move all of them forward in a mass, with a jump, means their ruin. A few individuals in every tribe, and most of the individuals in some tribes, can move very far forward at once; the non-reservation schools do excellently for these. Most of them need to be advanced by degrees; there must be a half-way house at which they can halt, or they may never reach their final destination and stand on a level with the white man.

The Navajos have made long strides in advance during the last fifty years, *thanks to the presence of the white men in their neighborhood.* Many decent men have helped them—soldiers, agents, missionaries, traders; and the help has quite as often been given unconsciously as consciously; and some of the most conscientious efforts to help them have flatly failed. The missionaries have made comparatively few converts; but many of the missionaries have added much to the influences telling for the gradual uplift of the tribe. Outside benevolent societies have done some good work at times, but have been mischievous influences when guided by ignorance and sentimentality—a notable instance on this Navajo reservation is given by Mr. Leupp in his book "The Indian and His Problem." Agents and other Government officials, when of the best type, have done most good, and when not of the right type have done most evil; and they have never done any good at all when they have been afraid of the Indians or have hesitated relentlessly to punish Indian wrong-doers, even if these wrong-doers were supported by some unwise missionaries or ill-advised Eastern benevolent societies. The traders of the right type have rendered genuine, and ill-appreciated, service, and their stores and houses are centers of civilizing influence. Good work can be done and has been done at the schools. Wherever the effort is to jump the ordinary Indian too far ahead and yet send him back to the reservation, the result is usually failure. To be useful the steps for the ordinary boy or girl, in any save the most advanced tribes, must normally be gradual. Enough English should be taught to enable such a boy or girl to read, write, and cipher so as not to be cheated in ordinary commercial transactions. Outside of this the training should be industrial, and, among the Navajos, it should be *the kind of industrial training which shall avail in the home cabins and in tending flocks and herds and irrigated fields.* The Indian should be encouraged to build a better house; but the house must not be too different from his present dwelling, or he will, *as a rule*, neither build it nor live in it. The boy should be taught what will be of actual use to him among his fellows, and not what might be of use to a skilled mechanic in a big city, who can work only with first-class appliances; and the agency farmer should strive steadily to teach the young men out in the field how to better their stock and practically to increase the yield of their rough agriculture. The girl should be taught domestic science, not as it would be practiced in a first-class hotel or a wealthy private home, but as she must practice it in a hut with no conveniences, and with intervals of sheep-herding. If the boy and girl are not so taught, their after lives will normally be worthless both to themselves and to others. If they are so taught, they will normally themselves rise and will be the most effective of home missionaries for their tribe.

In Horace Greeley's "Overland Journey," published more than half a century ago, there are words of sound wisdom on this subject. Said Greeley (I condense): "In future efforts to improve the condition of the Indians the women should be specially regarded and appealed to. A conscientious, humane, capable Christian trader, with a wife thoroughly skilled in household manufactures and handicrafts, each speaking the language of the tribe with whom they take up their residence, can do [incalculable] good. Let them keep and sell whatever articles are adapted to the Indians' needs . . . and maintain an industrial school for Indian women and children, which, though primarily industrial, should impart intellectual and re-

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ligious instruction also, wisely adapted in character and season to the needs of the pupils. . . . Such an enterprise would *gradually* [the italics here are mine] mold a generation after its own spirit. . . . The Indian likes bread as well as the white; he must be taught to prefer the toil of producing it to the privation of lacking it." Mrs. Wetherill is doing, and striving to do, much more than Horace Greeley held up as an ideal. One of her hopes is to establish a "model hogan," an Indian home both advanced and possible for the Navajos now to live up to—a half-way house on the road to higher civilization, a house in which, for instance, the Indian girl will be taught to wash in a tub with a pail of water heated at the fire; it is utterly useless to teach her to wash in a laundry with steam and cement bath-tubs and expect her to apply this knowledge on a reservation. I wish some admirer of Horace Greeley and friend of the Indian would help Mrs. Wetherill establish her half-way house.

Mrs. Wetherill was not only versed in archæological lore concerning ruins and the like, she was also versed in the yet stranger and more interesting archæology of the Indian's own mind and soul. There have of recent years been some admirable books published on the phase of Indian life which is now, after so many tens of thousands of years, rapidly drawing to a close. There is the extraordinary, the monumental work of Mr. E. S. Curtis, whose photographs are not merely photographs, but pictures of the highest value; the capital volume by Miss Natalie Curtis; and others. If Mrs. Wetherill could be persuaded to write on the mythology of the Navajos, and also on their present-day psychology—by which somewhat magniloquent term I mean their present ways and habits of thought—she would render an invaluable service. She not only knows their language; she knows their minds; she has the keenest sympathy not only with their bodily needs, but with their mental and spiritual processes; and she is not in the least afraid of them or sentimental about them when they do wrong. They trust her so fully that they will speak to her without reserve about those intimate things of the soul which they will never even hint at if they suspect want of sympathy or fear ridicule. She has collected some absorbingly interesting reproductions of the Navajo sand drawings, picture representations of the old mythological tales; they would be almost worthless unless she wrote out the interpretation, told her by the medicine man, for the hieroglyphics themselves would be meaningless without such translation. According to their own creed, the Navajos are very devout, and pray continually to the gods of their belief. Some of these prayers are very beautiful; others differ but little from forms of mere devil worship, of propitiation of the powers of possible evil. Mrs. Wetherill was good enough to write out for me, in the original and in English translation, a prayer of each type—a prayer to the God of the Dawn and the Goddess of Evening Light, and a prayer to the great Spirit Bear. They run as follows:

PRAYER TO THE DAWN

Hi-yol-cank sil-kin Natany,
Tee gee hozhone nas-shad,
Sit-sigie hozhone nas-shad
She-kayge hozhone nas-shad,
She-yage hozhone nas-shad,
She-kigee hozhone nas-shad,
She-now also hozhone nas-shad,

San-naga, Toddetenie Huskie be-kay,
hozhone nas-shad
Na-da-cleas, gekin, Natany,
Tes-gee hozhone nas-shad
She-kayge hozhone nas-shad,
She-kige hozhone nas-shad
She-yage hozhone nas-shad
She-now also hozhone nas-shad,
Hozhone nas clee, hozhone nas clee,
Hozhone nas clee, hozhone nas clee.

PRAYER TO THE DAWN (TRANSLATION)

Dawn, beautiful dawn, the Chief,
This day, let it be well with me as I go;
Let it be well before me as I go;
Let it be well behind me as I go;
Let it be well beneath me as I go;
Let it well above me as I go;
Let all I see be well as I go.

Everlasting, like unto the Pollen Boy;
Goddess of the Evening, the beautiful Chieftess,
This day, let it be well with me as I go;
Let it be well before me as I go;
Let it be well behind me as I go;
Let it be well beneath me as I go;
Let it be well above me as I go;
Let all I see be well as I go.

Now all is well, now all is well,
Now all is well, now all is well.

(The Navajos believe in repeating a prayer, both in anticipatory and in realized form, four times, being firm in the faith that an adjuration four times repeated will bring the results they desire; the Pollen Boy is the God of Fertilization of the Flowers.)

PRAYER TO THE BIG BLACK BEAR

Shush-et-so-dilth-kilth
Pash dilth-kilth ne-kay ba-she-che-un-de-de-talth;

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Pash dilth-kilth ne-escla ba she chee un-de-de-talth;
Pash dilth-kilth ne-ea ba she chee un-de-de-talth;
Pash dilth-kilth ne-cha ba she chee un-de-de-talth;
Ba ne un-ne-ga ut-sen-el-clish; net saw now-o-tilth a
Sit saw now-o-tilth go-ud-dish-nilth;
Ba sit saw ne-egay go-ud-dish-nilth;
Ne change nis-salth dodo ne;
Ne change nis-salth do-ut-saw-daw;
Ne change nis-salth ta-de-tenie nus-cleango-ud-is-nilth; es-ze, es-ze, es-ze, esze.

PRAYER TO THE BIG BLACK BEAR (TRANSLATION)

Big Black Bear,
With your black moccasins, like unto a knife, stand between me and danger;
With your black leggins, like unto a knife, stand between me and danger;
With your black shirt, like unto a knife, stand between me and danger,
With your black hat, like unto a knife, stand between me and danger;
With your charm send the lightning around you and around me;
By my charm tell the evil dream to leave me;
Let the evil dream not come true;
Give me medicine to dispel the evil dream;
The evil has missed me, the evil has missed me, the evil has missed me, the evil has missed me.

(The fourfold repetition of "the evil has missed me" is held to insure the accomplishment in the future of what the prayer asserts of the past. Instead of "hat" we could say "helmet," as the Navajos once wore a black buckskin helmet; and the knife was of black flint. Black was the war color. This prayer was to ward off the effect of a bad dream.)

On August 17 we left Wetherill's with our pack-train, for a three days' trip across the Black Mesa to Walpi, where we were to witness the Snake Dance of the Hopis. The desert valley where Kayentay stands is bounded on the south by a high wall of cliffs, extending for scores of miles. Our first day's march took us up this; we led the saddle-horses and drove the pack-animals up a very rough Navajo trail which zigzagged to the top through a partial break in the continuous rock wall. From the summit we looked back over the desert, barren, desolate, and yet with a curious fascination of its own. In the middle distance rose a line of low cliffs, deep red, well-nigh blood-red, in color. In the far distance isolated buttes lifted daringly against the horizon; prominent among them was the abrupt pinnacle known as El Capitan, a landmark for the whole region.

On the summit we were once more among pines, and we saw again the beautiful wild flowers and birds we had left on Buckskin Mountain. There were red bells and blue bells and the showy Indian paint-brushes; delicate white flowers and beautiful purple ones; rabbit-brush tipped with pale yellow, and the brighter yellow of the Navajo gorse; and innumerable others. I saw a Louisiana tanager; the pinyon jays were everywhere; ravens, true birds of the wilderness, croaked hoarsely.

From the cliff crest we traveled south through a wild and picturesque pass. The table-land was rugged and mountainous; but it sloped gradually to the south, and the mountains changed to rounded hills. It was a dry region, but with plenty of grama-grass, and much of it covered with an open forest of pinyon and cedar. After eight hours' steady jogging along Indian trails, and across country where there was no trail, we camped by some muddy pools of rain-water which lay at the bottom of a deep washout. Soon afterwards a Navajo family passed camp; they were traveling in a wagon drawn by a mule and a horse, and the boys of the family were driving a big herd of sheep and goats. The incident merely illustrated the real progress the Indians are making, and how far they already are from pure savagery.

Next morning the red dawn and the flushed clouds that heralded the sunrise were very lovely. Only those who live and sleep in the open fully realize the beauty of dawn and moonlight and starlight. As we journeyed southward the land grew more arid; and the water was scarce and bad. In the afternoon we camped on a dry mud-flat, not far from a Navajo sheep-farmer, who soon visited us. Two Navajos were traveling with us; merry, pleasant fellows. One of them had a .22 Winchester rifle, with which he shot a couple of prairie-dogs—which he and his friend roasted whole for their supper, having previously shared ours.

Next day at noon we climbed the steep, narrow rock ridge on whose summit rise the three Hopi towns at one of which, Walpi, the snake dance was to be held. The clustered rock villages stood in bold outline, on the cliff top, against the blue sky. In all America there is no more strikingly picturesque sight.

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THE BOY NEXT DOOR

BY CARL WERNER

The first of two articles by the author of "Bringing up the Boy." The second, to appear next week, will deal with the boy in "The Pin-Feather Age."—THE EDITORS.

IT is of course natural that the boy next door should appear naughtier, homelier, and altogether less desirable than your own boy. Perhaps you have noticed how little heed the boy next door gives to his mother's injunctions about hurrying when he goes for milk. You have seen him leisurely wade through all the mud-puddles, and you shudder at the condition of his clothing when he dawdles homeward on his return from his errand. You know that when his father asks him where he has been he says, "Nowhere!" as he keeps beyond reach of the parental hand. And he fibs in much worse ways than that!

We are agreed that the boy next door is likely to be a hopeless young Arab, but I used to be sure that the particular boy next door to me was worse than most of his type. Any unprejudiced observer would concede that my boy's mother was justified in forbidding all intercourse between Billy Hunt and our son. Billy's parents have always of course meant well, but they certainly didn't seem to have the right grip on Billy. In the years that have passed since I first compared the baby in the go-cart on the porch next door with the baby in the cradle of my own home, I have been accustomed to hearing all sorts of discordant sounds which I recognized as accompaniments of Billy's upbringing. Scoldings and spankings have brought out responsive shrieks and howls.

With a father engrossed in business and a mother whose entire attention is absorbed in her housekeeping and her church work, the boy next door has not had half a chance. He has been permitted to play in the streets, he has been nagged for small offenses and severely punished for greater ones. Worst of all, he has been threatened with many a whipping which was never administered; therefore he has had no respect for the word of his elders and has regarded discipline as a tyranny of the strong exercised over the weak.

While my boy has been treated as a reasoning being ever since he was old enough to show any evidence of constructive thinking, the boy next door has been ruled by commands. Whenever he has been punished, the relation between cause and effect has not been pointed out. After I had taken my boy and Billy down to the river to see the dredger work, the two playmates appropriated the new coal-scuttle from our kitchen and passed one delightful afternoon in excavating the onion-bed in Billy's back yard. The boys were just hoisting a scuttleful of earth over a fence-rail by means of a few yards of stolen clothes-line when they were discovered by Billy's father, who took one look at the devastated onion-bed and then caught his son by the collar, shook him hard, told him he was the worst boy in town, boxed his ears, and cast him into the woodshed. My boy fled to the stronghold of his own home, leaving the coal-scuttle on the enemy's territory. He was so overcome by the spectacle of violence that it was some time before he could explain what frightened him. Then we discussed the incident. He had taken the coal-scuttle without asking permission to use it, and had put the cook to inconvenience; therefore he should not be permitted to enjoy any of the fresh doughnuts, which were almost spoiled because the fire could not be kept up when there was nothing in which to carry fuel. That was plain justice—we both agreed to that, and we further agreed that an apology was due to the cook. So far, so good. The next question was what reparation to make for the damage to the onion-bed. I let my boy think what he would desire if he were Billy's father, and he said he would want the onion-bed "fixed." As my boy confessed that he knew he was doing wrong when he was engaged in digging it up, it was plain that he should try to shovel back all the earth on our side of the fence. But that would not restore the onions or make the garden look as it did before the boys had played at working a derrick. Something more must be done. We talked this point over quite solemnly. It was plain that a gardener should be employed, and it would be necessary for my boy to pay him with the six pennies in his little tin bank. Of course

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I did not mention the ninety-four other pennies that I should have to contribute, but I took my share of the blame for not having anticipated the natural boyish desire to imitate men's work. I confessed that we should have worked in our own garden with a duly authorized dredger.

"Doesn't Billy have to help?" my boy inquired, when he had arranged all the terms of reparation.

"He should do so, but if he does not you must bear all the burden of wrong-doing," I told him; and, as it happened, Billy looked on while my boy laboriously shoveled alone.

From time to time I had felt that to a certain extent I was responsible for the manners and morals of the boy next door. I had not desired to accept any responsibility concerning him, and so had ignored every fleeting suggestion of my possible duty. It was my own boy who brought me to a stinging consciousness of my omissions in true neighborliness.

"Father, Billy wants to hunt angleworms with me and Robin, and you've said I'm not to play with him. What can I do?" my son questioned.

The boy next door hung over the fence, and, quite undisturbed by the implication of his unfitness for companionship, listened for my answer. On his freckled face was an expression of suspense—that was all.

"You must tell Billy he can't go with you," I said, not looking up from the book I was reading as I sat on the front lawn.

"But I don't want to," complained my boy. "I'm tired of Robin. I'd rather play with Billy, who knows lots of things Robin don't. He knows *where to find the angleworms.*"

"I'm sorry I cannot let you play with Billy," I remarked, with a reproachful glance at the boy next door, who was under ban because he had used bad words.

"Please let me go with Billy," my son teased.

"Do you want to learn some more bad things?" I asked, and the boy next door had the grace to pretend that he was engrossed in the movements of a caterpillar on the top of the fence.

"I want to have a good time being bad," my boy declared, and then I let him choose between right and wrong. He could disregard my wishes and take the consequences, or he could firmly repudiate all past friendship for the boy next door. He pondered for a moment or two. Then he decided.

"I'll go with Billy," he announced, defiantly; and he added, "but Billy isn't bad *all the time.*"

Ah, that is it. Billy, going on seven, could not be *bad* all the time. Then a simple fact struck me and gave me a jolt. My boy wasn't *good* all the time. And then it came to me that I owed something to the boy next door, if only to safeguard my own son. Maybe I owed him something for his own sake.

My recollection of my own boyhood and the problems presented by my son have made me understand much of the boy's point of view. This understanding brings with it the obligation of larger service than that confined within the walls of home, and so I found myself assuming a new attitude toward the boy next door. He became mine in a certain sense, and I set about studying him. The next time he looked over the fence I invited him to play with my boy. Up to this time his visits had been about as welcome as a scourge of locusts or a cyclone, but I put aside unpleasant memories and hoped for the best.

It was my boy's birthday, and he had received as gifts from various indulgent uncles and aunts a variety of toys. The boy next door liked best of all a red automobile which wound up with a clock key and speeded in circles.

As I watched the two boys I noticed that my little neighbor wore stockings of a flamboyant plaid and a necktie half as large as a sash, and then I recalled Billy's Sunday gorgeousness, which may be one cause of certain moral obliquities that distinguish his character. Many a time I had seen him slink into church behind his mother, after making faces at the nearest enemy who had pointed a scornful forefinger at his clothes of a new pattern, fashionable in cities but unknown in our town. Once when two forefingers had been rubbed together after the manner employed in whittling and the offensive word "Sissy" had been uttered, the boy next door had punched his persecutor. Even if I had been the deacon whom Billy almost tripped as he made his onslaught I should have approved of the attack. No form of cruelty could be worse than that which results when maternal pride vents itself in attiring a boy.

Reflecting upon the terrible injustices from which boys often suffer because their mothers have no idea that the masculine nature dif-

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fers from the feminine at a very early age, I paced up and down one of the garden paths. As I walked I pondered upon the fact that sex variations are often first exhibited in this matter of dress. Array a little girl in clothing which attracts attention, and she will strut with conscious pride. She has no hesitancy about appearing among her playmates. Instead of trying to escape notice she invites it. She holds her head high and delights in her finery. Every mother doubtless has some memory of her own earliest rapture, produced by a gay ribbon or the first pair of kid gloves, and she has no idea that her boy will not find in fine raiment that same sort of satisfaction which has been hers all her life.

My heart softened toward the boy next door every time I caught a glimpse of his necktie. To be condemned to that adornment which brought upon him the contumely of every other boy in the village was enough to make him a young rebel, an enemy of society. Just as my mood had mellowed to the extent of almost loving Billy Hunt, a cry of rage and terror in a voice which I recognized as my boy's summoned me to the porch, where the children were playing. The cry warned me of disaster, and when I had investigated I found the red automobile had been dissected. All its machinery had been removed, and a knife with a broken blade which the boy next door held in his hand explained how it had been disemboweled.

My heart hardened, for while I gazed silently at the two boys the boy next door began to retreat toward the fence. I caught him by the arm and sternly asked him why he had destroyed the toy.

"I dunno," he said with a sniffle and a bend of his head which indicated that he expected me to box his ears. "I jes' wanted to see what was inside."

As I quieted my boy's lamentations I had time to realize that the boy next door had followed a normal impulse. It was just as natural for a boy of his temperament to seek the reason why the automobile moved as it was for him to breathe. After all, it was not Billy's fault that the mechanical toy invited destruction. Mechanical toys are a challenge to every wide-awake juvenile mind; they are an insult to the latent inventiveness of every lad who has a drop of Yankee blood in his veins. They make no appeal to the imagination; no wonder the impulse to smash them prevails after they have repeated their gyrations a few times. A healthy boy must do something. He does not want to watch action, so he will turn away from the most costly engine or windmill to construct soap-box houses and tin-can smoke-stacks.

I sat down beside the wrecked automobile, and we began to compare it with the real motor cars, about which I found the boy next door knew a great deal, for he had passed much time in the nearest garage, a place of resort forbidden to my boy. For a few moments my boy showed a lingering resentment against his visitor, but when I had brought his tool-chest and suggested that they try to build a garage in which to keep the fragments of the red automobile all troubles were forgotten in the joy of sawing and hammering. I drew the plans for the building, which had a ground floor a foot square, and when the boy next door cut his finger somehow, even though he was exceedingly brave and manly, he had to sit on my lap while I did it up and my boy brought the linen and the peroxide bottle and never appeared the least bit jealous, even though it was his birthday and one of his father's rare afternoons at home.

When a voice summoned the boy next door home, he cast a queer glance at the spring of the automobile, which lay on the porch, and I thought he regretted his vandal act; but after my boy had gone to the fence with him I saw him trying to trade the knife with which he had cut himself for the spring that he had snatched up as he passed it. The knife was not so precious as it had been before it hurt him, and the spring suggested many an experiment. But my boy would not trade, and the boy next door took the spring, anyway!

That seemed discouraging, didn't it? But it was not. It might have been to my boy's mother, but it was not so to me, for a man understands boy nature as no woman can. Billy simply obeyed a masculine impulse to use force where suasion could not win. It is not strange that so many mothers are puzzled and worried by traits and instincts which their sons manifest as soon as they emerge from babyhood. While I do not underestimate the loving sympathy and the keenness of perception which are part of the gift of motherhood, I still believe that there are certain temperamental sex differences which most women cannot cope with in dealing with their sons. If mothers could realize that within the active body of the boy the spirit of a man is strug-

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gling, they might guard against many serious mistakes. They would be more insistent that father should help them in probing the causes of what appears to be juvenile incorrigibility. But the average mother sees no great difference between her sons and daughters when they are little. They are just the children, small sexless beings made to give joy and trouble.

It is possible, however, for any mother to gain some perception of the trend of boyish traits, the causes for boyish mischief. Any effort to obtain the boy's point of view will be illuminating. In every mischievous act may lie the seed of some mature achievement.

In Billy's case I felt that he was worth while, because his activity of mind and body promised big possibilities in the future. *He knew where to find the angleworms!* My boy's information gave me the clue to future attainments. The destruction of the automobile was a perfectly natural act for any healthy, normal, inquisitive boy to perform. Destructiveness is purely the early stage of invention. Billy did not stop to question the ownership of the toy. He obeyed the instinct of human curiosity.

But what of the incident of the spring? It was destined to bring to Billy a punishment which fitted his crime. It had given me a keynote to his character, and, quite undisturbed, I made plans for his future and dreamed of a day when I should be able to introduce a new boy next door to his parents.

THE CONFLICT IN ULSTER

BY FRANK HUNTER POTTER

This discussion, by an American who has lately been in Great Britain, about the causes of Ulster distrust of the Home Rule proposal for Ireland is accompanied by an editorial on another page. The extraordinary meeting at Belfast of Protestants of the North of Ireland was reported in The Outlook last week. Portraits of Sir Edward Carson and John E. Redmond, leaders of the opposing forces, will be found in this issue of The Outlook.—THE EDITORS.

RELIGIOUS tolerance, complete as it is with us, is even more complete in certain parts of Europe. In some German towns, for instance, one finds Protestants and Catholics worshiping, not only side by side, but actually in the same church, one service succeeding the other; and it is said that the Duke of Norfolk, the premier English duke, and the leader of the English Catholics, still retains, or did till recently, the right of burial for his family in the Protestant church at Arundel. To find a district, therefore, in which Catholics and Protestants hate each other as bitterly as in the sixteenth century, and in which a civil war is a possibility as a result of that hatred, is such a surprise as to be almost incomprehensible. Yet in Ulster, the northernmost province of Ireland, the two religions do so hate one another, and a resultant religious war is well within the range of possibility.

Briefly stated, the Ulster question, which is now perhaps the most interesting feature of English political life, is this: The Liberal party has not by itself a majority in the House of Commons, and in order to be able to carry out its policy it made a compact with the Irish party, which is directed by Mr. John Redmond, under which the Irish were to give the Liberals a majority by voting with them, and in return for this Mr. Asquith, the Liberal Premier, was to give them Home Rule. This means a separate Irish Parliament in Dublin, with power to deal, in a general way, with all purely Irish subjects, including taxation, of course.

The Ulster Unionists insist that at the last Parliamentary election Home Rule was not a distinct issue, and that before taking such revolutionary action the Liberals ought to "go to the country," as the term is; that is, submit the subject to the electors at a general election, at which Home Rule shall be the only or the principal issue. A year ago, when the measure became imminent, the men of Ulster united in a solemn covenant, which was signed by many thousand men throughout the province. In this covenant they pledged themselves "to stand by each other in defending, for ourselves and

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our children, our cherished position of equal citizenship in the United Kingdom, and in using all means which may be necessary to defeat the present conspiracy to set up a Home Rule parliament in Ireland; and in the event of such a parliament being forced upon us, we further solemnly and mutually pledge ourselves to refuse to recognize its authority."

This covenant was not taken very seriously at the time by the English people, and still is not regarded by most of them as anything more than a case of exaggerated bluff. Recently, however, certain events have occurred which attracted a good deal of attention, and brought about a careful investigation by several of the English papers, with somewhat startling results.

These events consisted in the seizure of successive cargoes of arms as they were being imported into Ireland, and in some revelations in regard to the loyalty of a part of the army. What did it mean? people began to ask themselves. Were the Ulstermen really preparing to resist any Irish government which might be set up in case Home Rule became an accomplished fact? Thereupon certain of the papers undertook an investigation, notably the "Times," which is famous for its honesty, no matter whether the subject is a partisan matter or not. This investigation showed that the Protestants of Ulster were not only arming but armed, that companies of volunteers, under the guise of rifle clubs, were drilling and practicing shooting, and that there were even bodies of cavalry, a signal corps, and a hospital and ambulance corps. All these men were enrolled and ready to report for service, constituting a regular army. The only thing which seemed at first to be lacking was a body of trained officers; and the discovery that there would be no lack of these presented the most serious feature, perhaps, of the whole situation. For it was asserted with the utmost assurance that in case of a rebellion in Ulster English officers would resign from the army rather than order their men to fire on their countrymen whose crime it was that they preferred to remain under English rule, and that those of these officers who were of Irish birth would feel themselves at liberty to use their military talents and training in the cause of their brothers. It is precisely the situation in which our army and navy officers found themselves at the beginning of our Civil War in 1861.

These reports were sneered at and belittled by the Liberal press, but it has been my good fortune to meet some men intimately connected with the movement, as well as certain army officers who have a full knowledge of the military situation, and they assure me that the reports are true. They are men who had no possible object in deceiving me, for they had no idea that I would publish what they said, even if they were not men whose word is beyond question. Indeed, I had no idea of publishing anything until the importance of what they told me became clear to me, when I obtained permission to make public certain parts of it.

One of these gentlemen belongs to one of the oldest English families in Ulster. When I asked him if these stories of the intended resistance were true, he replied, "Rather! I'm president of a rifle club myself. We have seventy-five members and we practice three or four times a week." He told me various interesting facts, one of which shows how far the movement has gone. He said that he is to attend a meeting in October when they are going to take up the framing of a constitution for Ulster and a general organization, against such time as they shall be cut loose from England and yet will refuse to submit to an Irish parliament. That such a time would arrive they had no slightest doubt, and they are determined to prepare for it in every possible way.

Another gentleman is an officer in a North of Ireland regiment, and so is particularly in touch with the feeling of Irish officers on the subject. He assured me that not only were these men prepared to resign in numbers, but that the mass of English officers in general shared this sympathy for their loyal fellow-countrymen in Ulster, and that in case of an insurrection there many of them also would "send in their papers," which is the English term for resigning from the army, rather than take part in operations against the Ulstermen. He added that he knew of retired officers of his own regiment now living in Ireland whose houses are perfect magazines of Maxims, rifles, and ammunition.

A condition of affairs in which the richest, most prosperous, and coolest-headed province in Ireland is prepared to break into open rebellion, and in which the loyalty of British officers is so shaken that they will resign in large numbers rather than help to put this rebellion down, can hardly be accounted for by simple attachment to the connection with

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England. There must be some stronger and deeper motive; and this motive is found in the fact that this war, if it takes place, will be, as these gentlemen frankly admit, a religious war, with an economic side in addition.

Catholics and Protestants in the North of Ireland hate each other with an intensity unequaled elsewhere since the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew or the days of Alva in the Netherlands. They do not live together; there is a Protestant quarter and a Catholic quarter in Belfast as well as in Londonderry, and it is not safe nowadays for a man of one religion to go alone into the quarter of the other. He would probably be attacked and beaten by the roughs of the opposite party. How bitter this hatred is was shown recently in the riots in Londonderry, which were openly and confessedly religious.

A Home Rule parliament would be three-fourths Catholic, and the Ulster Protestants do not believe that with such a feeling in existence they would be treated with any sort of justice by the Catholic majority; they believe that they would be discriminated against in legislation, and that taxation would be so devised that they, the most industrious and thrifty inhabitants of Ireland, would be made to bear unjust and unreasonable burdens. And they aver that they have evidence that the Catholics are preparing for this in the fact that the Royal Irish Constabulary, which was once composed of Catholics and Protestants in pretty even numbers, now contains a large majority of Catholics, and has been deliberately "packed" with them in preparation for the coming struggle. In proof of this they point to the action of the Constabulary in the recent riots in Londonderry, when, as it is claimed, they fired upon the Protestants but not upon the Catholics.

These men, who think themselves threatened in their religion and their property as well, are not of a breed to put up patiently with such a prospect. They are descendants in part of the English who came over in the reign of Elizabeth, as one of these gentlemen proudly reminded me, for the specific purpose of forming a Protestant colony, and in part they are the descendants of the Scottish Covenanters, a poor and tenacious race who may have been crushed but who were never subdued. It may be that they are altogether wrong in their anticipations of unfair treatment by the Catholics; they are better judges of that than we can possibly be. But there is no sort of doubt that they do fear such injustice, and are preparing to resist to the bitter end. If the word of my informants were not sufficient, in addition to the reports in the press, conclusive evidence would be afforded by the fact that Ulster manufacturers, and property-owners in general, have within the last few weeks insured their plants and buildings to the extent of over $100,000,000 against injury or destruction in riots or rebellion. Cool, practical business men of the Scotch-Irish type do not spend large sums of money for the sole purpose of frightening the Liberal Government; they know conditions as no one else does, and are preparing for the worst.

What Ulster claims, then, is that the question of Home Rule, with all its possibilities for injustice, has never been properly submitted to the British electorate. They say that if it has been so submitted and the English nation declares for it in unmistakable terms, there will be nothing for them to do but submit. But they do not believe that the Nonconformists of England, who form such a large element in the Liberal party, will ever consent to hand over their coreligionists, bound hand and foot, to the tender mercies of their hereditary religious enemies. And until the matter has been submitted in such a way as to remove all possible hope for them, they intend to resist any attempt to subject them to a Catholic parliament, which any Home Rule parliament in Dublin must necessarily be.

What the best friends of Ireland hope is that some compromise may be effected, such as that, for instance, by which Ulster will be excepted from the action of the Home Rule Act and be allowed to continue to be represented in the British Parliament. But everybody must hope that civil war in Ireland will in some way be averted, especially now that she is really on the highroad to prosperity, when exports exceed imports for the first time in her history, when drunkenness and crime show a gratifying decrease, and when the efforts of such men as Sir Horace Plunkett are beginning to bear fruit in full measure.

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THE SPECTATOR

SOMETHING of that spirit which led the earliest and most illustrious of his literary ancestors, guided by the spirit of Addison, to remeasure the Pyramids, carried the Spectator southward to visit the Panama Canal. It is not *Wanderlust* that governs the Spectator family. It is "wonderlust," a longing general enough to comprehend all the activities of nature and most of the actions of men.

With the growth of the Canal had grown his interest and his wish to verify with his own eyes the physical reality of that undertaking. Even the remark of a skeptical friend that "traveling to see the Culebra Cut was traveling to see the hole in a doughnut" failed to dampen the ardor of his desire. Yet it was not until the publication of the Pennell etchings of the Canal Zone, and the conjunction of these with the arrival of a steamship company's alluring circular, that the Spectator's desire crystallized into active intent. Two weeks later the Spectator rolled away from New York (ominous prelude for a sea voyage) on the sleeping car Malade. The portent proved not without justification.

The morning of the third day found the Spectator rumbling across the long Flagler viaduct that links the mainland to Key West. Stretches of sand and tangle-rooted mangroves, green lanes of open water, herons, a pelican or two floating with ostentatious placidity beside the track, broad expanses of ocean toward the north and south, palmettos, gulls, and carrion crows—then came a long pier and the ship. And thereby hangs a tale.

Safely at sea, phrases from that alluring circular began to flock to the Spectator's mind—"palatial steamer," "eighteen knots an hour," "specially constructed for tropical seas." Now "palatial" is a generously inclusive term (especially in the advertising world), but somehow it hardly seems broad enough to cover rusty water for washing that would have made the combined floods of the "Golden Arno" and the "Tawny Tiber" blush for shame. Even the drinking water had a jaundiced hue. "Eighteen knots an hour" soon resolved itself into a plodding twelve or so, varied by intervals of what one passenger described as "sloshing round in the Caribbean" while the engineer tinkered over defective bearings. "Specially constructed for tropical seas" had a still more elusive foundation in truth. Steam-heating apparatus there was in every stateroom, but only a handful of electric fans on the entire ship. The boat may have been palatial (the Spectator's slender acquaintance with palaces does not make him an authority on that point), but it certainly was not built for southern service.

Yet the discomforts of the voyage were not without some compensation, for on this pilgrimage to "the floure of floures" of our governmental institutions it was more than fitting that the Spectator should have a chance to attend a deep-sea imitation of that most fundamental institution of all—the old-time town meeting. The day before the ship reached Colon a self-appointed grievance committee called the passengers together to protest against the misrepresentations of the steamship company. Like some of our Congressional committees of investigation, the result was hardly commensurate with the effort. But if the meeting relieved nothing but our feelings, it certainly furnished ample scope for that and for the exhibition of an unusually varied assortment of American oratory. From the careful phrasing of the practiced lawyer to the spread-eagleism of an old-time Fourth of July oration the gamut ranged. Even the ancient sport of "twisting the lion's tail" (the steamer was English-built), revived for the occasion, received a polite if ominously silent welcome. Since the Spectator's return to his home he has learned of so many other and pleasanter ways of going to the Canal Zone that he has almost determined to go again, just to do the trip properly.

Early the next day we sighted the distant and hazy coast line of Central America. Past the long line of new breakwater the steamer went and into Limon Bay. To the left lay the twin cities of Colon and Cristobal. The steamer swung toward the shore, and the Spectator caught his first close sight of those screened

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white-and-green houses that figure so extensively in all pictures of the Zone. Between these buildings and the broad, hot level of the quay, rows of palms, their tall trunks whitewashed after the fashion of New England apple trees, beckoned invitingly with cool green fronds. But time was short and the yellow passenger coaches of the Panama Railway were waiting to carry us across the Isthmus.

The Spectator stepped aboard, and the train moved off towards Gatun. To distort a familiar phrase, the starting of the train was not an unmixed pleasure. It gave the Spectator one kind of happiness by bringing him nearer to his destination, and still another kind of happiness by taking him away from the ship. The Spectator still wonders whether the latter thought or the poinsettia flaming beside the roadway gave most satisfaction to his soul.

Past the great printing plant of the quartermaster department we went, past the lagoon-like channel of the old French canal, past Monkey Hill Cemetery (now Mount Hope) of sinister memory, and then in the distance the Spectator saw the long sea-level approach to the first flight of locks. The track swung to the right, and the train stopped at Gatun. After the fashion of spilled peas, the Spectator and his fellow-passengers spread out over the platform and headed for the locks, visible now as a gray line punctuated by tall pillars of concrete that stretched between the shores of Gatun Lake and the distant drop in the hill where the sea-level approach begins. Mark Twain somewhere says that when he lacked any historical information he always wrote, "The details of this event are too well known to need repetition here." When it comes to describing the locks, the Spectator feels a similar overpowering impulse to hide behind the skirts, or perhaps trousers, of the many writers that have come, seen, and written before him. For these locks are more than tons of concrete and iron, more even than a monument to the labors and lives of our mechanics and engineers. They are the gate to that pathway of which Columbus dreamed and for which Hudson died. They are the answer of courage and faith to doubt and unbelief. In them are the blood and sinew of a great and hopeful Nation, the fulfillment of ancient ideals, and the promise of a larger growth to come. Though photography can reproduce their massive walls, their deft yet ponderous jaws through which ships shall enter and depart, the long sweep of the mountainous dam, the level plane of the great lake now rising over a dying jungle and the beds of ancient rivers, more than this is not in the power of the camera or of the writer of prose, and epic poets are few and far between. The Spectator can only stumble along with his pen, as he did with his feet, over the lumber, the tracks, and the infinitely orderly disorder that clutters the surface of all this stupendous activity. The Spectator came to the locks with the joyousness of new adventure. He left with the feeling that follows a service in a great cathedral.

Beyond Gatun the train plunged into the jungle. Great trees, their limbs festooned with orchids and giant creepers, lifted their tall heads above the matted undergrowth. Now and then the waters of Gatun Lake, glistening up through tangles of dead branches, gave promise of that not far distant time when the tracks over which one passed would become the shore line of an inland sea. The open spaces beside the railway, the green slopes behind the native houses, the occasional stretches of meadow land, were criss-crossed and scarred with drainage ditches, the fire and oil blackened banks of which bore testimony to the incessant activity of those sanitary squads which, under the leadership of Colonel Gorgas, have made the Canal a human possibility. Once, indeed, the Spectator caught a glimpse of these men at work—two with knapsack sprayers sprinkling oil upon the waters troubled by the activities of the juvenile anopheles, two more with a long-necked machine like a giant plumber's torch searing the lush grass away from a trickling brook.

The tree-covered hills on the right dropped away, and spread out before the Spectator's eyes lay the narrow valley that leads to the Culebra Cut. The Spectator's train crossed a high trestle over a quiet stream, the waters of which filled to overflowing the already completed portion of the Canal that traversed the valley below. It was hard for the Spectator to realize that this river was the Chagres—that river which has played so large a

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part in the long and unhappy history of the Isthmus, that river which, tamed by the genius of our engineers, is to contribute so large a share to the success of the great Canal. Without the flood waters of the Chagres the locks at Gatun, at Miraflores, and Pedro Miguel would be as useless for purposes of navigation as the dry pavement of a city street. Surely if there was ever a blessing in complete disguise it is the Chagres River.

The Spectator's train now backed down an incline and crossed the temporary dike built to keep the waters of Gatun Lake out of the Culebra Cut until the completion of the required excavation "in the dry." Once across the prism of the Canal, the Spectator's train took up its interrupted journey towards Culebra, the deepest point in that great eight-mile man-made slash through the continental divide which the Spectator's skeptical friend had likened to a hole in a doughnut.

Some four miles the train climbed up through the hills and then stopped a hundred yards from the edge of a plateau. As the Spectator climbed down the steps of the car a black woman, holding on her head a tray of bananas, came forward. The Spectator hesitated. There was of course a great deal to be seen and only a limited time at the Spectator's disposal. But there was an equally large hole, the Spectator felt sure, in his own midst worthy of as instant attention. So the Spectator stooped, took a banana in either hand, and then turned to follow his fellow-tourists to the edge of the chasm. It was some little time before the Spectator could decide where the work of nature ended and the work of man began. It seems hardly credible that the apparently diminutive machines gnawing away at the bottom and sides of the canyon below could have eaten so far into the heart of the hills. The locks at Gatun gave the Spectator some little glimpse of that skill and genius for detail which have brought success to Colonel Goethals and his devoted army. But it remained for the Culebra Cut to convince him finally of the colossal patience required to make that skill and genius effective. The Culebra Cut is more than evidence of heroic human endeavor. It belongs by rights in the catalogue of geological events.

The Spectator arrived at Panama just at the termination of a sudden rain-storm which had come apparently from out of a clear sky as the train pulled away from Culebra. Dusty, tired, and hungry the Spectator was, but happy. A short ride behind a horse several sizes too small for the carriage he drew carried the Spectator to the Government hotel at Tivoli. After the ship from which the Spectator had so recently escaped, the clean hotel, the white-suited attendants, the crisp table linen of this hospitable institution seemed like unto a foretaste of heaven itself. As the Spectator was dressing for dinner he kept turning over in his mind the contrast between a certain ship (the product of private initiative) and this Tivoli hotel, the creation of democracy; the democracy (and politics) being conveniently situated across many leagues of open sea. The contrast was too strong and too convincing to be resisted. As the cool clear water from his shower-bath splashed over him the Spectator cast the last of his scruples aside, and changed, without a single protest from his political conscience, into a rabid Socialist.

The events that have happened along the line of the Canal in the few brief months since the Spectator's return from the Isthmus make him feel as though his recollections dealt with ancient history. The Pacific Ocean now touches the locks at Miraflores, the Culebra Cut has been excavated to its final level and within the next few days will be flooded with water from the Chagres River. Yesterday the Spectator's morning paper brought the news that a tug had been passed through the Gatun locks from the Atlantic up into the great lake. The Spectator is glad that his pilgrimage to the Isthmus, brief though it was, was made while the work was near its height. It was an experience and inspiration which he will not soon forget.

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THE NEW BOOKS

A MODERN SAINT[1]

The names of Florence Nightingale and Octavia Hill should be forever memorable among those of the noblest women of the nineteenth century. But among the admirers of Florence Nightingale many will be likely to ask, Who was Octavia Hill? Naturally so, for the one served on an international stage before an applauding world, the other in a parochial sphere among the lowliest of the London poor. Which of this pair of servants to hapless sufferers achieved the greater good—she who mothered the victims of war, or she who ministered to the victims of an economic system—it were invidious to ask. Both initiated movements of epochal influence for ever-widening philanthropy.

This volume of letters strikingly enacts the parable of the mustard seed that grows into a branching tree. It introduces us to a girl of thirteen, enthusiastic, studious, resourceful, and deeply stirred by the gospel of humanity in the Christian Socialism of Frederick Denison Maurice and Charles Kingsley, whose disciple she at once became. For the benefit of ragged and forlorn children a workroom for making a new kind of toy had been opened, and Octavia was installed as its manager—a post requiring both the keen and level head for business and the kind strictness in discipline which she displayed all her life. Here, when Florence Nightingale returned in broken health from the hospitals of the Crimean War, Octavia Hill was serving her apprenticeship to her life-work, mothering with sympathetic patience many girls older than herself, training them to good habits, and ruling them by love while insistent on every detail of good workmanship. "Among other things, she learned to scrub the floor in order to teach the children to keep the workroom clean." In the midst of it all she wrote, "It is on loving, infinitely more than on being loved, that happiness depends."

She herself was a workingwoman, earning her living by drawing and painting. Her work brought her employment from Ruskin, and with it the kindly training in art out of which grew intimate friendship. Its memorial is in their letters, illuminating the character of each. Its great result was the effective foundation which Ruskin furnished for the work on which her heart was set—the decent and wholesome housing of the very poor. When but twenty-three years of age, she had already begun it on her own resources by the conversion into convenient rooms of stables contiguous to her home. She herself, with her bosom friend, Miss Cons, "whitewashed and painted the rooms, and even glazed the windows." Three years later Ruskin purchased the property for her use; the next year, three houses full of tenants; the next year, six more, "inhabited by a desperate and forlorn set of people, wild, dirty, violent, ignorant as ever I have seen." Wonderful were the resulting transformations of the moral as well as physical conditions of the three thousand tenants whom at the end of ten years she had in charge. Publicity she shunned and advertising she abhorred, but such work could not be hid. Means for it flowed in, and she had trained to it fellow-workers. New owners of slum property solicited her to take its management—one hundred and twenty houses in the next decade.

Six years later Miss Hill finally assumed, by request of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the management of over two hundred houses, their property in South London. Under her vigilant superintendence the picked corps of social workers she had imbued with her spirit and her methods splendidly demonstrated what pure voluntaryism, unincorporated but thoroughly organized, can accomplish under the influence of a dominating personality. "All depends," she wrote, "on spiritual and personal power."

As her work grew its influence spread far and wide. In 1875 five papers contributed by her to an English magazine were published by an American friend, and subsequently in England, under the title "Homes of the London Poor." Translated into German by Princess Alice, it led to the formation in Berlin of the Octavia Hill Verein. Russian, Swedish, Dutch, and American women were drawn to her, and some housing work was begun in Paris.

From her beginning of such work she was also a path-breaker in another which she regarded as almost equally important, the preservation of open spaces in the city for health and recreation. Its success in her own country led to its imitation in the small parks and recreation grounds which have sprung up in American cities.

Her letters, while they describe her work,

[1] Life of Octavia Hill as Told in Her Letters. Edited by C. Edmund Maurice. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5, net.

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its principles, its struggles, its progress, and its satisfactions, unconsciously delineate her character—God-conscious in the most practical concerns, sensitively sympathetic with human needs, sagacious and resourceful in their supply, enthusiastic and patient in the humblest service to the lowliest. Such a character naturally drew to it the reverence and affection both of churchmen and statesmen, of men of affairs and men of letters, of royalty and of the poorest of the poor. These bowed to the scepter of sisterly sympathy with which she schooled them to cleanliness and order, care of their tenements, and punctuality in paying their dues. "Monday," she wrote, "I collected rents and had such happy talks with the people." Rent-collecting was the least welcome part of her work, since it seemed to those who regarded the housing of the poor as a merely commercial problem to put her on their level. To her it was a duty of the wise love which shuns pauperizing the poor by impoverishing their self-reliance and self-respect. It was not mere charity that engaged her, but social justice, educational and morally constructive, giving and receiving in reciprocity. In the words of Canon Barnett, the founder of Toynbee Hall, "She brought the force of religion into the cause of wisdom, and gave emotion to justice." This is the distinctive mark of Christian Socialism in its effort to lay the spiritual foundations of that socialized commonwealth whose wisest prophets confess that modern society is not yet morally competent to set it up.

Carlyle wrote of her to Ruskin: "I never heard of another like this one." Lord George Hamilton, her associate for five years in the Poor Law Commission, wrote: "I acquired for her a feeling of deep reverence and regard. She was a great woman. To me she was a pillar of strength." Princess Louise put this inscription on her funeral wreath last year: "In deepest admiration and esteem for one who devoted her whole life and energy to the advancement and welfare of her fellow-countrymen." Her portraits from youth to age are expressive of an attractive and noble personality.

In her admirable blending of ideality with practicality, humility with efficiency, prayer and labor, earthly knowledge and heavenly wisdom, Octavia Hill seems a consummate type of the modern saint. She had taken no vow of poverty, but she prized it. "Somehow personal poverty," she wrote, "is a help to me. It keeps me more simple and energetic, and somehow low and humble and hardy, in the midst of a somewhat intoxicating power."

This volume, edited by her brother-in-law, Maurice's son, cannot be too warmly commended to the many whom the spirit that inspired her is now drawing to serve at God's altars of human need. She has left them a rich legacy in the influence that will ever radiate from the story of her life, bequeathing with it this parting counsel: "When I am gone I hope my friends will not try to carry out any special system; . . . it is the spirit, not the dead form, that should be perpetuated. . . . What we care most to leave them is not any tangible thing, however great, not any memory, however good, but the quick eye to see, the true soul to measure, the large hope to grasp the mighty issues of the new and better days to come—greater ideals, greater hope, and patience to realize both."

African Camp Fires. By Stewart Edward White. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.

Certainly a book to be read in connection with Mr. Roosevelt's "African Game Trails" is Stewart Edward White's "African Camp Fires." Here also we are instructed as to East Africa. Mr. White tells us about the Shimba Hills, Nairobi, Kapiti, the Tasavo River, and Masailand. In another edition we want to see a map of all these places. It should have been published in this. Like its predecessors, Mr. White's latest book will interest the man who is not a hunter of big game as well as the man who is. Who would be insensible to the appeal to human interest contained in the first chapter—the one on Marseilles? No traveler who may have seen but just a touch of Oriental life could fail to appreciate the descriptions of Port Said which follow. Then come Suez and Aden, and so on down the coast and into the forests of Africa. No matter how strange the sights, we always find that the author has an interest, too, in the everyday things. We also find a vitally sharp outline in his own mind which he communicates to ours by terse and yet atmospheric phrase.

Along France's River of Romance, the Loire. By Dougald Goldring. McBride, Nast & Co., New York. $2.75.

Along Germany's River of Romance, the Moselle. By Charles Tower. McBride, Nast & Co., New York. $2.75.

Two books have just appeared concerning two interesting rivers, the Loire and the Moselle.

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The first is not only the longest stream in France, but seems more than any other "France's river of romance," as the title has it. The second is not more than any other "Germany's river of romance;" one would think first of the Rhine. However, the Moselle does retain a certain charm now lost to the Rhine by much tourist and commercial traffic. Mr. Tower's volume gives to us glimpses of Trèves, Berncastel, and other interesting places on the river which we do not find in any other description. Much more material was of course at the disposition of the describer of the Loire Valley. One has but to recall the phrase, "the château country," in order to realize this. Both descriptions are worth reading and both have been reinforced by some particularly good illustraton.

One Hundred Years of Peace. By Henry Cabot Lodge. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

The Outlook's readers will remember Senator Lodge's articles in The Outlook, which are now presented in an attractive book. They are assuredly worthy of preservation in permanent form. Senator Lodge never wrote more acutely or with a more definite conception of American history. The book has timely relation to the celebration of the century of peace between English-speaking countries, and, if it points out forcefully the danger points which have arisen, the cause for congratulation is all the stronger in that those danger points were passed peacefully.

Out of the Dark. By Helen Keller. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.

Readers of Miss Keller's article in The Outlook of September 27 will feel a special interest in this little volume. No one knows more about "the dark" than Miss Keller. She has learned to teach; here she discusses the meaning of the outer world to those shut out by sense-defect; she tells how they should be helped; she shows how their perceptions can be developed; and she discusses also large social questions from the view-point of one who has the sympathy to feel and hope for others.

Beyond the Frontier. By George Bird Grinnell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50, net.

No one knows Indian and far Western life better than Mr. Grinnell. He has been familiar with that life since the wild frontier days. This volume contains stories and sketches of Indian fighting, of traders and trappers, and of the adventures of pioneers. They are capitally told. The book has both entertaining quality and value as a record of a condition intensely interesting and now passed away.

Circe's Daughter. By Priscilla Craven. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.25.

This is a realistic study in fiction of certain problems of modern society; and though it offers no great surprise in plot or character-drawing, it yet has its claim on the reader of contemporary fiction in transcribing skillfully an important phase of modern life. The art of the day which interprets its life belongs to us; it is, so to speak, our own reflection. On first thought it would seem as if much of the heart-ache and trouble involved in the development of this story were useless; for at the end the two principal characters are just where it is plain to the reader they ought to have been at the beginning; but, if youth knew the secret of regulating existence and maintaining its moral equilibrium on the stormy sea of trouble that we call life, many problems would vanish; but so too would much of the color, romance, and adventure of existence.

Way Home (The). By Basil King. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.35.

The author of "The Inner Shrine" has set himself a serious problem in his new story; it is to trace the effect in the career and love of a fine young American caused by his revulsion from idealism to materialism. Hard treatment by church people of his father, rector of a once fashionable but now failing New York church, disillusionizes the young man, so that he thinks the whole world is a mere fight in which a man must put himself and his success above all things. His love for a girl who recognizes his wrong view but marries him in spite of her distrust of the future, and his later passion for another girl, put his nature to a severe test. There is thought in the conception of the story and care in its writing, but it lacks vivacity and dramatic effectiveness.

Business of Life (The). By Robert W. Chambers. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.30.

Like other recent examples of the Chambers novel, which has come to have a recognized trade standard or mold, this begins agreeably enough, but one soon tires of the long-drawn-out flirting and dialogue-fencing of the "swell" men and the "wonderful" women, so that when the plot-climax comes one has ceased to care about the people whose social agonies and personal involvements are described. The young girl who is a professional expert in antiques is wholesome and womanly, but she is lost in the fashionable crowd.

Works of Gilbert Parker (The). Vols. XVII and XVIII. (Imperial Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

With these two volumes, which include "Embers," "A Lover's Diary," and "The Judgment House," the Imperial Edition of Sir Gilbert Parker's works, of which we have spoken more than once with special interest and high commendation, is brought to a close. We need not point out the importance of "The Judgment House" among Sir Gilbert's works, as we have quite lately reviewed it in The Outlook. It may be noted that "Embers" contains the first complete collection of verse by this author which has ever been published; and as he is so

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much better known as a novelist than as a poet it is right to recognize the value of his work in this direction, which includes both narrative and lyric verse of more than ordinary interest, although not perhaps of a rank to place it with the strongest contemporary poetry.

History of the Discovery and Conquest of Costa Rica. By Ricardo Fernandez Guardia. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $3.

The translation of Señor Guardia's "Discovery and Conquest of Costa Rica" seems to have been well done, and the book appears at a time when interest is being directed towards Central America as never before. While the work does not add much to our knowledge of present-day Costa Rica, it does give a different view of the early days of Spanish conquest from that generally entertained. The volume's chief value, so it seems to us, lies in what it tells of the conquistadores. As the translator says, we of North America get our conception of those conquering Spaniards from works like Kingsley's "Westward Ho" and the tales of other English romancers, "which glorify such pirates as Drake, Raleigh, and Hawkins, and picture the work of the conquistadores as wholly one of blood, rapine, and destruction." The conquistadores had their patent faults, but they are not as black as they have been painted.

Handbook of Modern French Sculpture (A). By D. Cady Eaton, B.A., M.A. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

Professor Eaton, of Yale, who has already instructed us concerning French painting, now publishes a similar handbook on French sculpture. It deserves the notice of every one interested in that branch of art. It furnishes brief biographies of French sculptors, and it gives compact, illuminating, and not too critical criticisms of their masterpieces. There are nearly two hundred illustrations, and they have been well chosen.

Harper's Aircraft Book. By A. H. Verrill. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.

This book, intended for boys of some constructive ability, tells with many pictures and diagrams how to make models and gliders, why aeroplanes fly, and practically all there is to know about the technical work on air-craft of all sizes.

Message of Greek Art (The). By H. H. Powers, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

In connection with the announcement of a recent lecture on "The Age of Pericles" an uneducated person inquired, "What are pericles?" His ignorance might be dispelled by such a volume as Dr. Powers's "Message of Greek Art," though its instruction as to Greek culture is not always as elemental as might be necessary. To those a little familiar with Greek conditions, however, the book is an inspiration. It is also a comfort to those who may have outgrown the usual conclusions concerning Greek architecture and sculpture, for its criticism is fresh and individual. It is set forth in occasionally very vivacious phrase, and causes us more than ever to realize the vitality of Greek art. Both historically and critically the volume is worth reading.

Belief in Personal Immortality (The). By E. S. P. Haynes. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25.

This volume briefly recounts the history of the belief in immortality, examines briefly the bearing of modern philosophy and modern science upon that belief, considers briefly psychic research and Spiritualism, and comes to a somewhat inconclusive conclusion. The book will probably offend the religious susceptibilities of some readers. Its interpretations of fact seem to us at times incorrect; but it presents emphatically the sort of questions about immortality that are characteristic of this day, and in doing so is likely to set the reader to thinking for himself.

Comrades from Other Lands. By Leila Allen Dimoc. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 25c.

This little volume is part of the junior course of the Home Mission Study Books, written from an interdenominational standpoint. It tells in simple language for children about the life and toil of child workers in coal mines, on farms, in construction camps, in canneries, and elsewhere. Thus it carries on the treatment of "Child Labor for Child Laborers," of which we spoke in a paragraph under that title last week. A supplement to the book gives many references to reading on the subject for reference in connection with the separate chapters.

Greek Imperialism. By William Scott Ferguson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

In Professor Ferguson's "Greek Imperialism" we learn of imperialism as effected by Athens, Sparta, by the empires of Alexander, of the Ptolemies, the Seleucids, and the Antigonids. How could a city-state become imperial? How could it combine with others? By a change of internal constitution? Yes, taught Plato and Aristotle. Yet the thing to be accomplished was not a change of internal texture so much as a change of outside walls. This was difficult, and hence the federation of the city-states was still being perfected two hundred years after the age of Pericles, in whose age the city-state had apparently reached its utmost efficiency. The volume should prove deeply interesting and helpful to students of Greek history. While the author's style is not as lively as might be wished to interest young readers, it may be questioned whether his book was prepared for such readers. For those who are older the book should make, as it doubtless will, a distinct impression, for it groups the facts of Greek history so as to make that history more meaningful in its relation to world history in general.

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MANY INVENTIONS

GOOD WORK!

The Nickel Plate Railroad is completing a two and a quarter million dollar grade elimination improvement in the city of Cleveland. A summary of the work indicates that the efforts to safeguard employees, at one time about seven hundred, and to carry on the undertaking economically and efficiently have accomplished the hoped-for results.

The most serious personal injury which occurred during the three and a half years of construction was the mangling of a hand in the gearing of a Lidgerwood unloader.

A seventy-ton steam shovel excavated in twenty-nine and a half months' actual working time some seven hundred thousand cubic yards of material for roadway and yards. Lost time due to breakdown of the shovel was thirty-two hours, or about one hour a month. It is obvious that no machine could show such efficiency under trying conditions without a capable crew. Records of delays in the work show no time lost by the shovel due to the absence or failure of her crew.

In these days, when the critics of railway management are ready to emphasize railway deficiencies through every medium, the public is entitled to know facts like the above in the New York Central grade elimination work in Cleveland.

MAKING HOUSES IN MOLDS

The idea of pouring the whole, or nearly the whole, of a concrete house at a single operation is a matter which has engaged the attention of Edison and others. Recently, says "Cassier's Monthly," a couple of engineers experimented in the United States along this line, but, because of lack of encouragement, transferred their activities to Europe, where they have apparently been meeting with success. One hundred and twenty houses are said to be now in process of construction at Salindre, in the south of France. From figures given in "Concrete-Cement Age" for May, 1913, it seems that these houses are being built under contract for $1,088 each, or about twenty per cent less than a similar house of stone or brick. The window and door frames and the slabs for roof and floors are cast in advance, as are also any steps. These elements are placed in position at the time the molds for the walls are set up. By this procedure the necessity for shoring or centering is eliminated. The molds for the walls are of cast-iron. The various sections corresponding to the inner and the outer walls are held in fixed position by means of taper bolts. These bolts also serve to hold the reinforcement in position. When the molds are taken off there remains but ten per cent of the structure to be completed. The concrete must flow with more than ordinary ease. In order to secure the desired fluidity, a certain percentage of clay is dissolved in the water used for the concrete, the precise amount being determined by a hydrometer.

MOUNTAIN SHIP-BUILDERS

On a recent visit to the Swiss engine-builders at Winterthur, the editor of "Power" found that they had abandoned the making of the steam turbine and have pinned their faith, so far as power-producing apparatus is concerned, to the Diesel engine. They have, he writes in his journal, brought to its development all the skill and experience in design and workmanship which gave this shop in the Swiss mountains a world's record with its steam engines, and have perfected a reversing gear with which the engine is handled as positively and easily as a steam engine.

One of the successful boats fitted with Sulzer-Diesel engines is the Monte Penedo, of the Hamburg-South American Line, which has made a successful voyage from Hamburg to Buenos Aires and back, and has lately arrived in New York from another South American port. She is a 6,000-ton freighter and makes about ten knots with two 2-cycle single-acting engines of 850 horse-power each.

The editor of "Power" saw upon the floor two Diesel engines for United States torpedo-boats. It was somewhat surprising, he comments, to see, way up there in the mountains, miles from any water which it would navigate, a two-hundred-foot steamer on the ways. These boats are built in considerable numbers, fitted with engines and boilers and everything but the woodwork, and sent to the Swiss lakes.

FOREST NOTES

Two million trees will be planted in the National forests in Utah, Nevada, and southern Idaho during 1914.

Switzerland has four co-operative associations for the growing and marketing of forest products.

The United States Forest Service is using gasoline railway speeders for fire-protection purposes. They follow up trains on steep grades where sparks thrown out by forced draft are likely to start fires along the right of way.

Forest officers have found that high-power telescopes are not always satisfactory in the fire-lookout work. In some localities heat vibrations in the atmosphere are so magnified by the glass that clearer vision can be had with the unaided eye.

Elk have been found in the Uinta National Forest, Utah, for the first time in many years.

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Since they are not from shipments from the Jackson Hole country to neighboring forests, the State and Federal officials are gratified at this apparent increase in big game as the result of protection.

FOES IN THE AIR

In war-time, if a body of troops does not carry its national flag it may be fired upon by friend as well as foe. How about air war machines? The "Scientific American" thus discusses the questions involved:

In time of war it would surely be difficult to determine the nationality of an aeroplane flying at a great altitude. It is conceivable that friendly aircraft might be bombarded and hostile machines allowed to escape. The sky is usually so luminous that a flying-machine appears silhouetted against it. Hence the device, used in the Balkans, of painting the outer ends of Greek biplane wings and the vertical rudder with the national colors, blue and white, was not very successful. Whatever identifying marks a machine may carry must be large. Flags flown horizontally might answer, but even these, at great altitudes, must appear merely as appendages. Besides, if they are not to impede the machine, they must be very light. At great altitudes the nationality of an aeroplane might be recognized, not by the colors of its flag, but by its distinctive design. In Morocco and in the Balkans the problem of distinguishing friend from foe in the air did not arise simply because in both campaigns the use of aircraft was rather one-sided. The doubt whether a machine is a friend or not may cause the forces on the ground to lose the few fleeting moments during which they have a chance of bringing down an air scout. Moreover, there are at present too many types. The same service types are to be found in several armies. Hence it would be difficult, if not impossible, to recognize the nationality of a flying-machine from its build, as sailors recognize a ship by the cut of her jib. It is far easier to identify airships, chiefly because of their size. There is no possibility of mistaking a German Zeppelin for any other type of craft.

A RAILWAY IN ICELAND

At present methods of travel in Iceland are of the most primitive description; a few carriage roads exist in the south, with bridges over the rivers, but generally throughout the island journeys are made on horseback, over bridle-paths or no paths at all, and streams have to be forded. A few years ago the Althing (National Assembly) voted funds for surveying the route of a railway from the capital, Reykjavik, in an easterly direction through a comparatively populous and thriving region, and one much frequented by tourists. Plans are now complete for this line, which will run from the capital over the Thingvalla plain to the Olfusa bridge, a distance of about fifty-eight miles. The estimated cost of construction is $1,000,000. Ultimately it is proposed to extend the line to Thorsjaa, with two branches from that point, one leading to the geysers and the other to Oerbak. The railway project has led to ambitious plans of drainage and irrigation along the proposed route, opening up extensive pasture lands and enlarging the already important dairy industry of the country. To the tourist the railway will offer an agreeable substitute for the present tedious journey by pony to the geysers, Mount Hecla, and other points of interest.—*Scientific American.*

COAL THROUGH PIPE LINES

The method of transporting coal by water pressure through a pipe has been suggested by E. G. Bell, engineer for the Hammersmith Electricity Works of London. By this method from thirty to sixty tons of coal per hour can, it is claimed, be forced through an eight-inch pipe leading from the Thames and under Chancellors' Road to the yard of the power plant on Fulham Palace Road, a distance of 600 yards.

If the scheme is adopted, a large mixing tank will be erected beside the wharf. The coal will be lifted from the barge by a mechanical grab, and after passing through an automatic weighing machine, it will be filtered into the mixing tank, which will contain approximately 15 per cent of coal and 85 per cent of water. A powerful electrically driven pump will then force the mixture of coal and water at high velocity through the transmission tube to a reception tank at the works.

The coal will sink to the bottom of this tank and another pump will drive the water through a return pipe to the mixing tank. Another grab will lift the coal out of the reception tank into the storage yard.

Although the initial cost of such a plant might be high, it is believed that it would eventually be a paying investment, since the present cost of transportation is approximately fourteen cents per ton, or somewhat over $3,500 for the 25,000 tons which are used annually.—*Coal Age.*

AIR HARDENS STEEL

A process whereby steel is hardened by means of compressed air is now in use by a German firm in cases where only certain parts of the metal require hardening. The customary methods of hardening by chilling the steel in water, oil, or special baths is not satisfactory in such cases, owing to the tension created between the hardened and unhardened portions of the treated metal. In the new procedure the compressed air is sprayed over the metal through specially designed nozzles, by means of which, by varying the number and spacing of the openings, the degree of hardening may be accurately graded. The claim is made that a wide range of results can be obtained by adapting the shape of the nozzle to that of the work.—*Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry.*

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BY THE WAY

Wichita, Kansas, has a new railway station that cost $2,500,000. Some pretty lively towns in the East would be ready to boast if they could get a station that cost one-tenth of that sum.

Believers in the story of Barbara Frietchie have formed an association to keep Barbara's memory green. The belief of the association is that there was a real Mrs. Frietchie, that she waved a Union flag at what she supposed were Union troops, and that she kept on waving it when she discovered that they were not.

Rich Englishmen who give away their property to escape the "death duties" sometimes overreach themselves. In a recent case of this sort a wealthy man, fearing that death was near, assigned the bulk of his estate to his son, paying the five per cent tax levied on such transfers. He recovered, and within a few months his son died, leaving the property to his father, who then had to pay fifteen per cent inheritance tax to resume possession of his estate!

"Sting of a wasp kills Lady Molesworth," "Engineer Doherty dies of grief over fatal wreck," "Fall of one foot kills subway excavator"—such newspaper items indicate how easily the human grip on life is loosened. But, on the other hand, these, "Tries suicide twice in one hour in her cell," "Priest murderer says he 'feels fine,'" "Actress aged seventy-seven is in the poorhouse," seem to show that life clings with most tenacity when it is hardly worth living.

A writer in the usually veracious "National Geographic Magazine" describes the finding in an Egyptian tomb of "a jar of honey, still liquid and still preserving its characteristic scent after 3,300 years." We have been taught to believe that it is the dryness of the air of Egypt that preserves its ancient treasures, but now it seems that honey will not become candied through evaporation in that dry air in thirty-three centuries! It is to be skeptical.

The "no breakfast" fad that was popular some years ago in this country is commented on by the London "Lancet," the well-known medical journal, in this fashion: "After a night's sleep, bodily strength, both nervous and muscular, is at its height, and work can be carried on without food. A light breakfast of coffee and rolls is advisable for the brain worker, although for the manual laborer the breakfastless plan is unsuitable."

The members of the Legislature of Tennessee must have been "on edge" to make this despatch possible: "A photographer's flashlight caused a near panic among the members of the House at one time, and several of them were so startled that they attempted to draw their weapons." While a general disarmament of the nations is being urged, personal disarmament of lawmakers would be a desirable preliminary.

"Columbia will have 10,000 Students," "6,500 Students at Cornell," "Yale Reopens with Banner Enrollment," "Princeton's Biggest Year"—headlines such as these indicate that the higher education is keeping well abreast of the census.

Thomas A. Edison recently took a vacation for the first time in forty-five years, and got sick. "I have been tuned up to work daily," he said, in explanation, "and when I quit for two weeks I got out of pitch. The next time I take a vacation it will be when I can work daily at some of my tasks." Mr. Edison might, one would think, find some enjoyable fad that would keep him busy yet not be regarded as a "task."

The members of the International Refrigeration Congress have the courage of their convictions. During their meeting in Chicago they held a banquet at which the food served was altogether of the cold storage variety; all of it had been kept in the refrigerator for months, and some for nearly a year. Eleven hundred persons were present, and the despatches are silent as to any ill effects from the refrigerated diet.

The "River Brethren," a correspondent tells us, get their name from the Susquehanna River, in the vicinity of which they lived, and which furnishes convenient opportunities for immersion; with their hill country fellow-believers they formed the "Brethren in Christ." The River Brethren, according to our informant, have many large colonies in the West. "Primarily of Mennonite stock, they have now no direct connection with that people."

Everything comes to Chicago. She had the hottest summer, this season, in forty-three years, and she had the coldest September 22 in her history, the mercury going down nearly to the freezing-point. But no doubt this variability of climate suits the Chicagoan, and gives an added zest to life on the lake front.

The president of the American Meat Packers' Association is reported as prophesying that within ten years porterhouse steak will cost a dollar a pound. Perhaps by that time we shall have learned some of the secrets of French cooking and be able to prepare appetizing meals, as the French do, without putting so much reliance on steaks.

White huckleberries, a subscriber writes, are found in other places besides New Jersey. In Monson, Massachusetts, he says, they were formerly not uncommon, and remain a pleasant memory of his boyhood days. A botanist writes,

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quoting "Gray's New Manual of Botany," that the white huckleberry's range is "presumably that of the species *baccata:* Newfoundland to Georgia. Local but occasionally abundant and fruitful." New York "Sun" please copy.

In a new edition of the works of James Whitcomb Riley over two hundred poems will be included which have never before appeared in book form. Some of these were found in newspapers which long ago ceased publication.

A German scientific society has been seriously investigating the "dowsers," or divining-rod men, who claim to be able to locate subterranean channels of water by means of a witch-hazel twig. Opinion as to the divining-rod is hopelessly divided. One American authority says "it is all rot." Professor W. S. Barrett, of England, says "the chances [of locating water] with a good dowser far exceed mere lucky hits or the success obtained by the most skillful observer." Let the German doctors of science decide!

"Will you kindly tell me," a subscriber asks, "on what occasion Dean Swift preached a sermon on a broomstick?" The occasion was when, while a young man, Swift was acting as secretary to Lady Berkeley and was required to read to her the somewhat prosy "Meditations of Boyle." The gifted satirist wrote a parody of these lucubrations, called it a "Meditation on a Broomstick," and read it aloud to his employer as coming from Boyle, to her great edification. The parody, which contains only about five hundred words, may be found in any complete edition of Swift's works.

Napoleon's vocabulary did not contain the word "impossible;" and the attitude of another man who laughs at supposedly "insurmountable" obstacles, Colonel Goethals, is illustrated by this anecdote, which is attributed to him: "It is recorded of Lord Kitchener that, when during the South African campaign a subordinate officer reported to him a failure to obey orders and gave reasons therefor, he said to him: 'Your reasons for not doing it are the best I ever heard—now go and do it!'"

A "sport" growing in a potato-field in New Zealand may be the means of introducing a frost-proof potato. The hardy tuber was carefully propagated, with the result that a new variety, named the New Era, has been produced which is said to be exempt from the blight caused by frost.

Charles Frederick Holder, in "Travel," describes a little-known region of California as "The Garden of Titans." The Colorado "Garden of the Gods," he asserts, sinks into insignificance beside the new wonderland.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, following the pageant idea, recently gave an exhibition at Wheeling, West Virginia, showing the progress in railway motive power within the last eighty years. Its procession of locomotives was headed by the "Atlantic," the oldest locomotive in its original form on the continent; and finished by the "Mallet," a 300-ton affair equal to forty-three "Atlantics."

The union printers of the country take good care of their members who have fallen by the wayside. They spend nearly $550 a year on each of the aged or invalid guests of the printers' home in Colorado Springs. That sum—about $11 per week—is probably more than most active printers pay for their board.

A railway to the top of Ben Nevis, Scotland, is proposed. This highest mountain in the British Isles is climbed annually by about 15,000 people, and a railway, it is thought, would be largely patronized. But—please don't spoil the scenery in building the road!

More than three thousand cases of typhoid fever were reported in New York City during the month of September. Dr. Lederle, Health Commissioner, in attributing the disease to infected milk, urges the necessity of pasteurizing all milk as a preventive of disease.

The four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Pacific by Balboa was recently celebrated in Panama by the dedication of a permanent local exposition. This is perhaps an appropriate time to call attention to Keats's celebration of the wrong hero in his famous lines:

> "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise,—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

It was Pizarro who was with Balboa on this expedition, and the poet got the conquerors and discoverers mixed.

The retort worldly to the salutation ecclesiastical has rarely had a better illustration than in the story told by E. V. Lucas of Sir John Hawkwood, a famous free lance of the Middle Ages. On being beset by some begging friars who prefaced their mendicancy with the words, "God give you peace," Sir John retorted, "God take away your alms!" On their protesting, he reminded them that, as a soldier of fortune, peace was the last thing he required, since should their pious wish come true he would die of hunger. Whether the bold soldier succeeded in his attempt to bluff the mendicants Mr. Lucas fails to tell.

The South Station in Boston is still the busiest railway terminal in the country. It handles more trains, more persons, more baggage, and more mail on a daily average than does even the Grand Central Terminal in New York City.

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